

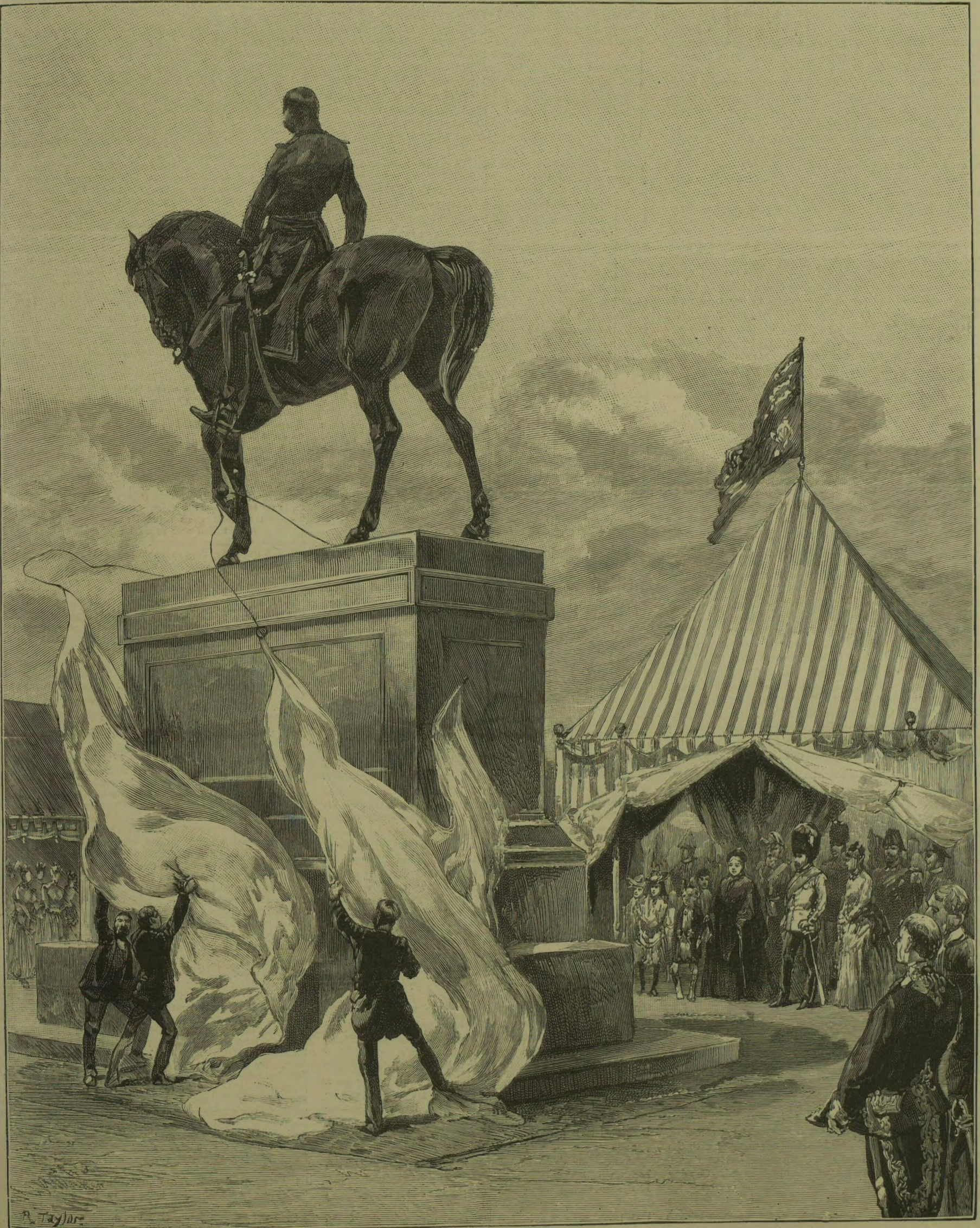
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THE QUEEN UNVEILING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT (WOMEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL) IN WINDSOR PARK.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Archdeacon Farrar has been giving his views upon critics in the *Forum*. They are fair upon the whole, and even kindly, though he leans, as is natural, to virtue's side—towards the author rather than to that of his natural enemies. He reminds us that Voltaire thought Shakespeare a drunken savage, that Horace Walpole calls Dante "a Methodist Parson in Bedlam," and that Samuel Pepys Esq. has left it on record that "Othello" is "a mean thing," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most ridiculous, insipid play I ever saw in my life." It is a pity that he has not drawn attention to the critic's exposition of the judgment of posterity, of which he had (apparently) the advantage of advance sheets. He is always telling us that this, that, and the other author will not be admired by posterity. Supposing him to be correct, living authors ought not to be disturbed by this (nor, indeed, are they), as, according to his own showing, the present time is always the least admirable as regards literature, and the past alone to be revered. He forgets that posterity, when it arrives, will be the present, and appear to its critic singularly destitute of literary talent; while our own time will then be the past, and "present a galaxy of genius little, if at all, inferior to that of the Elizabethan age." It is curious that the Archdeacon, whose own works have been exposed to the flail and still seem to have retained their vitality, should nevertheless talk of anonymous criticisms as "tremendous blows in the dark," and of "good and noble men, who have gone through life with the anguish of a rankling wound inflicted by insects." One can hardly imagine any nobleman (or even a commoner) being such a fool. When we were children, and stung by a wasp, our dear mamma used to apply "the blue-bag" and cure us; and surely there is a blue-bag of common-sense that can be applied to the wounded vanity of adults.

I have had a larger and (unfortunately) a longer acquaintance with periodical literature, which, of course, includes reviews, than most men; and I entirely endorse the Archdeacon's views upon them. There may be temptations to the youthful critic to show himself "smart," rather than to do justice to his author; to be "scathing" when such severity is out of place; but only a very few of these gentry are actuated by malicious motives, and far fewer by personal spite. The filthy creature who endeavours to give pain for the love of it is as rare as the skunk. But what I have observed, in the case of well-known writers whose reputation is established, is that certain literary organs have never a good word to say for them. How this vendetta originates it is impossible to say, but it is carried on for years and years. A famous novelist once observed to me, "That man in the *Palladium*"—naming a well-known literary organ—"has, I am told, omitted to blackguard my last book: I am afraid he must have been hanged"; but if he was so, his son, or next-of-kin, took up the cudgels for him on the next occasion of my friend's publishing a story, and the abuse went on as usual. There must have been some rudiments of conscience in the editor, because when the novelist died the paper published a panegyric upon him, which I am sure he read if he could. He delighted in praise, no matter from what quarter it might come, and never read anything disagreeable about himself. "If I did," he used naïvely to observe, "it would make me very angry, whereas, since praise or blame has long ceased to affect my circulation, I don't care twopence how 'nasty' may be the things that never meet my eye." The only time I ever saw dear A. (the gentlest and one of the best of authors) lose his temper was when some injudicious acquaintance (who, I believe, meant no harm) spoke to him of some article written against him in some Transatlantic journal. "I thought you would not mind," he said (perceiving he had put his foot in it), "since it was not in an English paper." "If a dog is ill opposite to my door, Sir, would you pull my bell to draw my attention to the fact? And would the spectacle be a less objectionable one because it was an American dog?"

The queerest specimens of criticism extant are, as might be expected, those written by foreigners. Voltaire showed the proof sheets of his essay on "The Epic Poetry of the European Nations" to Colonel Bladen, the translator of Cæsar's "Commentaries." In it there was a most violent attack on the "Lusiad" of Camoens. The Colonel, who had been in Portugal, ventured to inquire whether Voltaire had read the "Lusiad" in the original. "No," was the frank reply, "I never read it in anything." The Colonel lent the philosopher an English translation of it; but not one word of the essay was altered on that account. La Harpe, of a fairer mind but much inferior wits, published a criticism of Pope's "Essay on Man," unfortunately with quotations. These were some of them:—

Seas roll to waft me. . . .
Feel at each thread and lives along the line.

Be pleased with nothing, is no blessed with all.

Here is a beauty to finish with:—

'Tis see where to be found at everivhere.

One is not surprised to find that La Harpe "did not think Pope would be admired by posterity."

There was a criticism once passed upon Zucchero's painting by the King of Spain that deserves a niche by itself, because to this day it is not known whether it was serious or sarcastic. Zucchero had a good conceit of himself (not unusual with the old masters), and received extravagant prices, but no praise, from his Royal master for his work at the Escorial. One day he was displaying to him his picture of the Nativity for the great altar. "You there behold, Sire, all that Art can execute; beyond this, which I have done, the powers of painting cannot go." It was a most convenient way of saying what was fitting, and one that would save visitors a

deal of embarrassment on Show Sundays. His Majesty had only to say "Yes," and yet he would not do it. He maintained a stolid silence. At last he inquired if those were eggs which one of the shepherds, in the act of running, carried in his basket. "Why, of course!" said the painter. "'Tis well he did not break them," observed the monarch; that, and nothing more. The King went to his grave without revealing whether that remark was "spoke sarcastic" or otherwise. The painter held one opinion about it, and other people another.

What dreadful things would happen to us but for the foresight and acumen of a few scientific persons! But for the sanitarians we should, perhaps, never learn that our homes are poisoned, but live on in ignorance, just as our ancestors did, till we died of sheer old age. We are hardly under less obligations to the analysts: their last discovery is that there is a potato spirit going about, "coloured and otherwise masked, so as to resemble rum." To meet this sort of thing after dark (when it is most frequently seen), without the mind being prepared for it, might have the most serious effects. But what is of more general interest, a certain percentage of alcohol has been found in soda-water and lemonade. You may ask for a "lemon-and-soda," but what you get, it now appears, is a brandy-and-soda. We live and learn; though, considering the dangers which science has discovered all about us, it is a wonder that we do live. Think of lemonade being an intoxicating beverage! It never cheered, but no one ever suspected it of inebriating. As an incidental circumstance in connection with these new revelations, it must be rather a shock to the moral sense of those who have taken the pledge, and also "aërated waters," to reflect that they have been committing perjury all their lives!

The latest danger to life revealed by science in domestic employments, though it affects only the female sex, is, like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London life, as extensive as it is peculiar. Every needlewoman, we are now told, who bites her thread instead of cutting it, incurs the risk, if the thread be silk, of lead-poisoning. Old-fashioned ladies, fond of fancy work, used often to indulge in this practice, with no more idea that they were imbibing "acetate of lead" than Mr. Jourdain had that he was talking prose. I had two grandmothers (some people have not even one) who both did it, and lived much longer than any actuary (let alone a sanitarian) would have thought right. Science, of course, can never be mistaken, so I suppose the constitution of females has altered for the worse. On what a thread nowadays do our lives hang!

"It would have been a good job if the 'bus had gone over me," observed a poor lady the other day, charged with throwing herself, after the manner of the devotees of Juggernaut, under the wheels of that public conveyance. Her manner was excited, and the Magistrate seemed to think that, if her intention of committing suicide (like that of the lover in the play as regarded matrimony) was serious, it was remote. But if she was thinking of the benefit she might be conferring on her friends by that act of immolation, her remark was full of wisdom. If you want compensation for being run over, you cannot do better than select a 'bus; not, of course, a private one, it must belong to a company. It is curious that one person may be run over in London for nothing, as it were, while another, no more valuable to his family, costs £5000. Of course you must seem to slip, but what the evolutionists call "the principle of selection" is what should guide you. It is not the mere look of the object: a dust-cart, if the contractor is in a good way of business, may repay you (or rather your friends) as well as a coroneted carriage; but avoid cabs. There is nothing that so exemplifies selfishness—carelessness of the future of our dear ones—as being run over by a cab.

In the "Memories of a Long Life," by Colonel Davidson, there are some interesting letters of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, which show them both to greater advantage, in the way of gentleness and kindness, than does their correspondence generally. What is also noteworthy in the book is the confession it records on the part of the Laureate that public speaking is hateful to him. If he could speak sitting he could address his fellow-creatures easily enough, but that having to stand up to do it is fatal. It will comfort a good many people to hear they are "in the same boat" with Lord Tennyson in this matter. Some people are born with "the gift of the gab," and could make a speech if they stood on their heads; others—the whole profession of the Bar, for example—soon learn to do it; while with others, again, getting on their legs is the signal for being (intellectually) "taken off their feet." And these can never get over it. It does not arise from modesty, nor yet from nervousness, for many vain and audacious persons, very ready in conversation, are utterly unable to say half a dozen consecutive words as speakers. The Laureate seems to think that the isolation of the position—everyone sitting down but himself—is what floors him. The effect, however, is the same in all cases: there is nothing like it except being "crag-fast" upon a mountain, with a precipice below, and no getting backwards (sitting down). The knees knock together, the brain whirls, the voice is dumb, and one feels as though there would never be a to-morrow; that for our whole life long that spectacle of upturned faces expectant of what will never come—our speech—will, henceforth, present itself to our glazing eyes. Horrible! most horrible!

A magazine is to be brought out in Latin, which, it is hoped, will be especially welcomed "in schools and seminaries." If the publishers mean welcomed by the boys, they must be indeed sanguine. It is possible (everything is possible) that this periodical "will cause the Roman tongue to be the universal medium of communication"—but not in the playground; no, as Hood says, "upon no ground whatever." The

masters, no doubt, will delight in it. After teaching Latin for six hours or so it will be delightful in their hours of leisure to take up this elegant magazine ("elegant" is the word for Latin prose) and unbend the bow in so classic a fashion; but not the boys. We are not told what it will consist of, but it will probably have a Roman story for its serial; let us hope a sensational one, *temp.* Caligula, with plenty of murders, relieved by scenes from the circus. If it is within my means—for I have hitherto found Latin rather expensive—I shall take it in. To read a serial with a dictionary will be a new sensation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Buffet, Senator and ex-Premier, has been elected, almost unanimously, by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences as the successor of Count Daru. In the races run at Longchamps, on May 11, the Prix de l'Ecole Militaire was won by Bonne; the Prix de l'Esplanade, by Meilleur; the Prix Daru, by Flibustier, who was followed home by Pourpoint and Châlet; the Prix du Printemps, by Sans Peur; the Prix de Viroflay, by Monsieur d'Alvimare; and the Prix du Point du Jour, by Barberousse.

General Cassola, who took part in the Cuban and Carlist wars, and was afterwards War Minister under Señor Sagasta, died at Madrid, on May 10, in his fifty-second year, and was buried with military honours.

Dr. Gerard Fredric Westerman, the founder and director of the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, died, on May 10, at the age of eighty-one years. He was an hon. LL.D. of Oxford University.

The Grand Council of the Canton of Vaud has approved the scheme for converting the Academy at Lausanne into a University.

The Emperor William received the President, Vice-Presidents, and office-bearers of the Reichstag on May 9, and welcomed them, especially President Von Levetzow, with great cordiality.—The Emperor and Empress, Prince Henry, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen honoured the Austrian Ambassador, Count Szechenyi, and the Countess Szechenyi, with their presence at a dinner given at the Austrian Embassy on the 10th. Among the distinguished guests present were General Von Caprivi, Count Moltke, and Count Waldersee. The Emperor left Potsdam on the 11th on a visit to Count Hochberg at Wirschkowitz, in Silesia, to enjoy some shooting; and on the 13th he went to Königsberg.—Speeches delivered in the Reichstag, on May 12, by the new Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary indicate that General Caprivi adheres to the policy of his great predecessor in colonial affairs. Like Prince Bismarck, he regards the prospect of an external Empire with anything but goodwill.

It has been fixed that the marriage of the Austrian Emperor's younger daughter, the accomplished Archduchess Marie Valérie, shall be solemnised at Ischl on the last day of July.—In a sitting of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, Count Taaffe, the Premier, announced that the Emperor had summoned the delegations to meet at Budapest on June 4.

A large new dry dock at Brooklyn Navy Yard was opened on May 9 with appropriate ceremony, many members of Congress attending.—Cyclones have passed over Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, causing much damage. The population generally escaped injury by seeking the storm-cloud early enough to seek refuge in cellars. At Akron, Ohio, eighteen persons were injured; at Fredonia, Kansas, two persons were killed and several injured. Greenville, Pennsylvania, was badly damaged. Several persons were killed in Franklin County, Pennsylvania.—The Chenango County Poor-house and Lunatic Asylum, near Norwich, New York, has been destroyed by fire, thirteen persons, including eleven lunatics, being burned to death.

Advices from Japan, via San Francisco, state that on arriving at Yokohama, on April 22, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were received by the authorities with great ceremony.—The Mikado of Japan has instituted a new order to commemorate the 2555th anniversary of the coronation of Jimmu Tenno, the semi-mythical first Sovereign of Japan. It is called the Order of the Golden Falcon, and is for military merit only. It is divided into seven classes, the insignia for the first four being of gold, and for the remaining three of silver.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., has been elected an Academician.

The Summer Photographic Exhibition, under the auspices of the London Chamber of Commerce, will be opened on May 30 by the Lord Mayor, in the rooms of the Drapers' Company, in Throgmorton-avenue, and remain open until June 10; admission free. The exhibition will consist of the most recent apparatus and materials used in photography, and also specimens of the photographic art in all its various branches.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held on May 12, Mr. G. Curzon, M.P., read a paper on the subject of "The Karun River and the Commercial Geography of South-West Persia," and expressed the opinion that the opening up of the Karun trade route, the prospects of mercantile return in the shape of traffic, Customs, and tolls, ought to result in a fourfold development, each pregnant with future wealth. It rested with British enterprise to make worthy use of an opportunity which we owed to the successful efforts of British diplomacy and to the friendly disposition of an allied Sovereign.

The administrative officials of the Russian Empire are still adopting a very impolitic course in their persistent attempts to suppress information concerning the internal state of that vast dominion. Mr. George Kennan, in the *Century Magazine* of New York, exhibits curious facsimiles of the printed pages, treating of Russia and Siberia in the English language, which have been effaced, by a process of blackening with wooden blocks, under the Government censorship. We have also received from an Electrotyping Agency in London, which has an artist and correspondent at Moscow, the notification that certain telegrams sent to him, on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*, were stopped by the police authorities, as their contents were deemed of a compromising character, "and anybody who endeavoured to send sketches prejudicial to the Government would be very harshly dealt with." The Russian Government would act more wisely, in its own interests, as well for the exposure and correction of abuses, which may not always be known in high quarters at St. Petersburg, as for the prevention of injurious reports, circulated by its relentless enemies in Paris and other haunts of the Nihilist conspiracy, if it would frankly permit both native and foreign journalism to publish any facts which can be ascertained by local inquiry, or which are attested by direct witnesses. There is no safety in obstructing the communication of truth.

WOMEN'S PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL IN WINDSOR PARK.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, May 12, performed the ceremony of unveiling the bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, presented to the Queen, as a Jubilee memorial, by the women of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire.

This fine work of sculpture, by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., has been erected, on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, on Smith's Lawn, in Windsor Great Park, between Cumberland Lodge, the residence of Prince and Princess Christian, and Virginia Water. The foundation-stone of the pedestal was laid by the Queen on July 14, 1887. It has been constructed by Messrs. Macdonald, of Aberdeen. The monument altogether rises 33 ft. high. The statue faces towards Windsor. The following English dedicatory inscription has been engraved on the west panel: "Albert, Prince Consort: born August 26, 1819; died December 14, 1861. This statue was presented to Victoria, Queen and Empress, as a token of love and loyalty, from the daughters of her Empire, in remembrance of her Jubilee, June 21, 1887." The other panels contain the Latin, Gaelic, and Sanscrit inscriptions. The statue was cast in bronze at the Thames Ditton Foundry. It has cost £10,000, which is only part of the whole sum, nearly £85,000, subscribed for the Women's Jubilee Offering; £70,000 was bestowed, at the Queen's request, on the Association for Providing Sick Nurses for the Poor; and £5000 purchased the diamond necklace accepted by her Majesty.

At the ceremony of unveiling this monument, her Majesty was accompanied by the King of the Belgians, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons and two unmarried daughters, by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, the children of the Duke of Connaught and of Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Royal Princes and King Leopold wore military uniforms. The Queen, preceded by Prince Christian, was received by the trustees and managers of the Women's Jubilee Memorial Fund, headed by the Duke of Westminster, wearing a scarlet tunic with the badge of the Garter, with the Countess of Strafford and Lieutenant-Colonel Tully. A Royal salute of twenty-one guns, the raising of the Royal standard, and the playing of the National Anthem by the band of the Grenadier Guards hailed the arrival of her Majesty. The Duke of Westminster briefly addressed the Queen, who graciously replied, and then pulled the cord removing the veil from the statue. A salute of artillery was fired, the troops presented arms, and the band played the "Coburg March." The ladies of the Women's Jubilee Fund Committee were then presented to her Majesty.

Our contributor of "The Ladies' Column," with her signature "F. F.-M.," describes the scene.

THE QUEEN UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL.

Smith's Lawn, in Windsor Great Park, the spot where the more than life-size equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort has been erected, is four miles from Windsor town. However, a special train, special four-horse coaches, and elaborate arrangements for division of responsibility among the various stewards, secured the most perfect order in all the proceedings; and that Napoleon of organisers, the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Jubilee Offering, Colonel Thomas Tully, and his efficient aide-de-camp, Captain H. Vane Stowe, may be congratulated on the fact that there was not one hitch in the entire management. The ladies of the committee reached the ground soon after three. A stand was prepared for their reception on one side of the Royal tent, which occupied a position exactly opposite the statue, then standing draped mysteriously in white. The Royal pavilion (open at the sides) was in red and white striped canvas, and was provided with a magnificent arm-chair for her Majesty and a footstool to match, in crimson silk brocaded with gold. The other chairs on the dais were of crimson brocatelle, and altogether the pavilion presented a stately appearance. A cord ran from the Queen's chair to the statue.

On the benches of the grand stand were gathered together a number of ladies of distinction. Two of the most beautiful women present, seated side by side, were both dressed in heliotrope—Lady Muncester, in a gown of pale heliotrope faille française, slightly trained, and softened by a black silk mantle, having a flounce of fine black lace that covered the dress; and Lady Kilmarnock, whose costume was of dark heliotrope cloth, with three-cornered vest of beautiful many-tinted silk embroidery and with full sleeves of moiré of the same colour. Lady Kilmarnock's dress was finished by a sable boa, by a black-lace hat with heliotrope feathers, and by a single-row pearl necklace and diamond brooch. She had with her her pretty little boy of five years of age, the Hon. Ivan Hay, dressed in crimson velvet and lace collar. Gowns are seldom very fine when the Queen is coming, her Majesty being known to have a preference for plain dress. The Countess of Strafford, the president of the committee, was entirely in black, a long black-silk mantle covering her dress, and her bonnet being black lace trimmed with jet aigrette. The Dowager Lady Seafeld wore the deepest widow's weeds. The Countess of Sandwich's dress was of black cloth, with a long mantle over of grey thin cloth, trimmed with black guipure. Another handsome mantle was the Hon. Lady Birkbeck's, which had a white ground printed with large circles of gold, and which was worn over a dress of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with bands of jet.

Two noticeable figures were those of the Duchess of Westminster and the Marchioness of Salisbury, as they stood side by side. Lady Salisbury had a slightly trained dark-blue silk mervilleux, of which also the bodice of the dress was made; while the front of the skirt and the revers at the neck were of silver-grey silk, trimmed with diagonally crossing bands of steel embroidery. The Duchess of Westminster's costume was silk of the prettiest shade of grey blue, with the front from the waist covered by a flounce of fine black lace. Lady Vincent's simple dress of grey-striped washing silk, with three-cornered vest, insertion in the sleeves, and skirt trimmings, all of pale grey covered with black lace, was very effective. Lady Horatio Erskine had one of the prettiest dresses: it was mainly dark-green faille française, with a three-cornered vest of green velvet, and trimmings both on

collar, revers, and skirt of Irish lace. In driving, she donned a most pretty long mantle of grey accordion-pleated cloth, set into an embroidered yoke. Lady Carbury had a dress of black silk broché with spots, and a velvet and lace mantle. Lady Galway was all in black but for grey feathers in her bonnet. Lady Magheramorne was in violet silk, and wore the Jubilee medal. Mrs. Pryce of Cyfronydd, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, had a handsome costume of terra-cotta bengaline and bonnet of terra-cotta poppies. Lady Jane Taylour's dress was composed of a red and pale-green striped silk.

The day had been rather dull; but suddenly, as the Royal standard was run up on the flag-pole, as the bands pealed forth the National Anthem, as the salute was heard, as the scarlet outriders on grey ponies appeared—in a word, as her Majesty arrived, at four o'clock, there was a sudden burst of brilliant sunshine. The Royal procession consisted of six carriages, each horsed by four greys, and each provided with scarlet-clad attendants. The Queen's own carriage was escorted by the Royal Horse Guards, in flashing helmets and breastplates. It was a brave show! The entire Royal family now in England was there, from the Prince of Wales and his two sons, all in uniform, down to the tiny Duke of Albany—a pretty little fair boy in Scotch costume, complete to the dirk in his stocking. There was, indeed, quite a group of little children on their Royal grandamma's right hand. The King of the Belgians was also present.

The Princess of Wales had on a very pretty and uncommon dress of dark-violet cloth, with a deep velvet band round the bottom; and a violet-velvet bodice, made with a deep yoke, and beneath that a full frill, both of striped velvet and silk, the frill, or collar, coming in a point to the waist at both back and front. This dress, though certainly peculiar, became the



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN WINDSOR PARK.

A JUBILEE OFFERING FROM THE WOMEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Princess to perfection. Her daughters wore biscuit-cloth with tan vests, and toque hats covered in tan-coloured crêpe de Chine. Princess Christian had a pale-brown mantle, with touches of red velvet and gold embroidery; the young Princesses of Schleswig-Holstein were in pretty frocks of pale-blue cloth with moiré full sleeves. The Duchess of Edinburgh, in a long mantle of grey frisé striped velvet, the Duchess of Albany, in a grey dress and steel-beaded cape and bonnet with grey plumes, and Princess Beatrice, in pale blue embroidered with steel, also stood near the Queen.

Her Majesty's plain attire, the black striped velvet mantle, black silk trained dress with jet trimmings and broché panels, and black bonnet with white tip, in no way detracted from the dignity of her aspect as she listened to the address read by the Duke of Westminster, briefly replied, and then, by pulling a string, drew the covering down from the statue of the husband of her youth, whom she has thus sweetly associated with the celebration of her Jubilee. Trumpets pealed, cannon burst forth, men's heads were bared, the Princes and other officers all saluted—and the bereaved and ever-loving widow wept quietly—as the image of the departed Prince stood revealed.

After a brief pause, all the ladies on the grand stand filed past the Queen, severally bowing; then followed some sixty or seventy working women. The Queen then returned to her carriage, and the troops marched past and performed other evolutions. Finally the Queen drove away, and the ladies of the committee were then conveyed to Windsor Castle, where we had tea in the Waterloo Chamber, but her Majesty did not appear. It was, however, very amusing to see the whole Royal party assembled at windows looking on to the quadrangle to watch us as we drove in. It seemed such a reversion of the ordinary order of things—that we were the procession, and the Royal party the spectators in the windows! The table was beautifully dressed with gold plate and flowers, and everybody felt that a pleasant finish had been given to a most successful undertaking—the last of the Jubilee celebrations.—F. F.-M.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, came to town on May 8, for the purpose of holding a Drawingroom on the following day. Shortly after her arrival at Buckingham Palace she was visited by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who remained to luncheon. In the afternoon her Majesty went out for a drive with Princess Beatrice, and subsequently Prince and Princess Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein arrived at the Palace. The Royal dinner-party in the evening included the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Argyll, K.G., the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., the Countess of Erroll (Lady in Waiting), and the Earl of Romney (Lord in Waiting). Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg witnessed the performance of "The Gondoliers" for the second time at the Savoy Theatre. On the 9th the Queen held the third Drawing-room of the season at Buckingham Palace. Rain fell heavily, and dispersed the crowds who had assembled to witness the arrivals. Her Majesty was accompanied into the Throne Room by the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family. There were 380 presentations. The Royal dinner-party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Christian Victor and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, went to the Savoy Theatre; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to the Court Theatre. The Queen paid a visit to the Marchioness of Ely on the morning of the 10th, and, after driving round the Park, returned to Buckingham Palace. The Jubilee present from the Army to the Queen was presented to her Majesty by a deputation, headed by the Duke of Cambridge, and representing all ranks in the service. Later in the day her Majesty drove to Paddington Station, and went by special train to Windsor. Princess Beatrice went to the Albert Institute, Windsor, on Saturday evening, after her return from London, and played the pianoforte during the practice of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Orchestral Society, of which her Royal Highness is a member. On Sunday morning, the 11th, the Royal family attended divine service in the private chapel, and the Bishop of Manchester preached. Sir Edgar Boehm's replica of Baron Marochetti's equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, erected in Windsor Great Park as part of the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen, was unveiled by her Majesty on the 12th. The King of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and many members of the Royal family were present. Particulars of the ceremony are given in a preceding column. The Royal dinner-party included the King of the Belgians, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, and the Marquis of Lorne; the German Ambassador, the Duchess of Buccleugh (Mistress of the Robes), the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Belgian Minister and Baroness Solvyns, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Romney (Lord-in-Waiting), Count d'Oultremont, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bricoux. On the 13th the King of the Belgians took leave of her Majesty, and left the castle for London. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Ambassadors of Russia and Austria arrived at Windsor Castle, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Italian Ambassador was also invited. The Queen passed through Aylesbury on the 14th, on her visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor. The 1st Buckinghamshire Volunteers formed a guard of honour at the railway station, and, with the Royal Bucks Yeomanry, lined the streets. The Queen returned to Windsor in the evening.

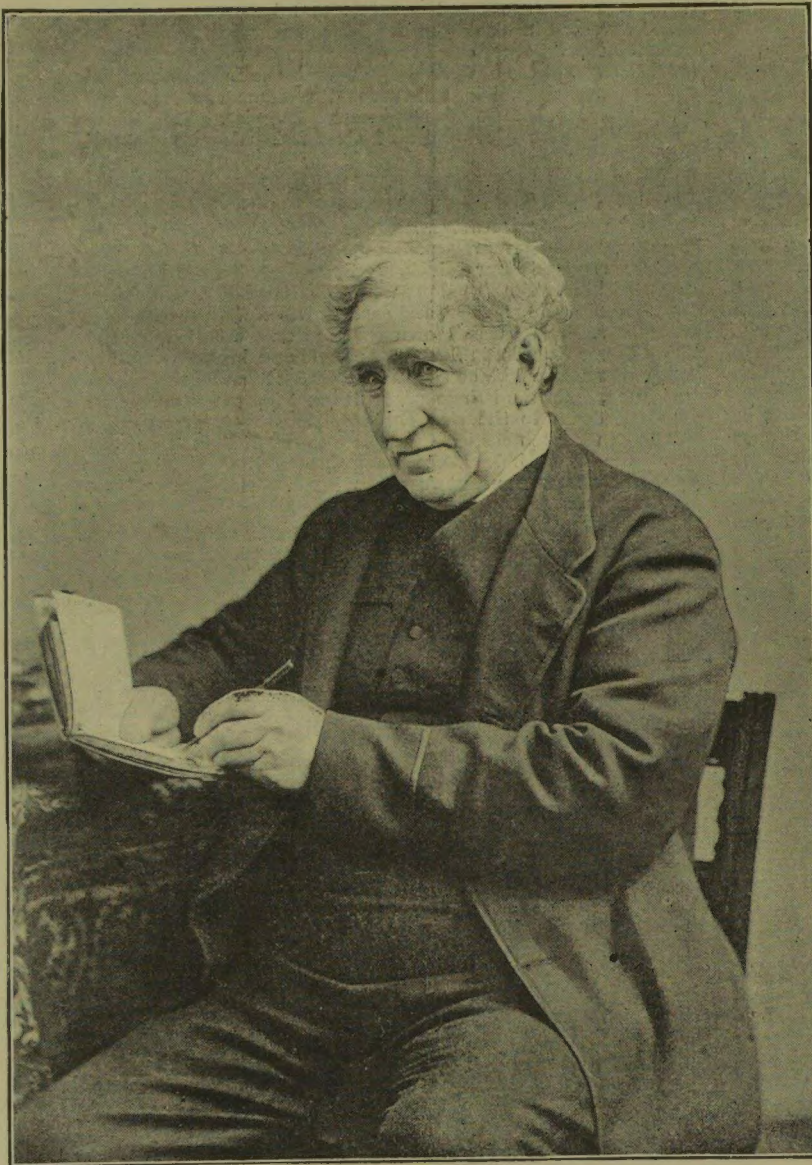
The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Maud on May 8 visited Messrs. Agnew's galleries in Old Bond-street, to view the pictures by Mr. Burne-Jones. In the evening the Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Princesses Maud and Victoria, and the Duchess of Fife, visited the Court Theatre to witness the performance of "The Cabinet Minister." On the 10th the Prince presided at the half-yearly meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Boodle's Club. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at a concert given by five hundred students of the Guildhall School of Music and the Royal Artillery Band at the Royal Albert Hall, in aid of the funds of the Morley House Convalescent Home for Working Men. On Sunday morning, the 11th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at divine service. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, visited the King of the Belgians on his Majesty's arrival at the Burlington Hotel; and in the evening his Majesty, attended by Count d'Oultremont, dined with the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House. On the 12th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, went to Windsor Castle, to be present at the ceremony of unveiling the statue of the Prince Consort in Windsor Great Park by the Queen. In the evening the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, witnessed the performance of "A Village Priest" at the Haymarket Theatre. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, on the 13th, at Marlborough House, and afterwards paid a visit of inspection to the Imperial Institute building at South Kensington to ascertain the progress of the work. As Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (Royal Cornwall Rangers Militia), the Prince has presented Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Eliot and the officers of the battalion with an engraving of himself, which is to hang on the walls in their mess quarters at Bodmin. Prince Albert Victor went to York on the 13th to rejoin his regiment, the 10th Hussars, in which he holds the rank of Major. His Royal Highness was officially welcomed back to the city by the Corporation.

In our account, last week, of the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence, Miss R. H. Busk should have been named as having collected the sonnets of our English poets in honour of Dante's Beatrice, which she will shortly publish in a small volume.

THE LATE MR. JAMES NASMYTH.

This eminent mechanical engineer, famed as the inventor of the steam-hammer, died on May 7, in London, aged eighty-two. James Nasmyth, one of an ancient Scottish family in Tweeddale, and son of the well-known artist Alexander Nasmyth, was educated at Edinburgh, where he early evinced a taste for mechanical pursuits. As a boy he made a small working steam-engine to grind his father's colours. In 1829 he came to London, and was appointed by Mr. Maudsley his assistant in his private workshop. On the death of Mr. Maudsley, in 1831, young Nasmyth returned to Edinburgh, made himself a set of engineering tools, and with these and a capital of £63 commenced business in Manchester in 1834. Subsequently he removed to Patricroft, four miles from the city, where an extensive series of workshops soon arose. There the requirement for the Great Western Railway of a hammer capable of forging a wrought-iron shaft 30 in. in diameter led to the invention of the steam-hammer which bears Mr. Nasmyth's name—a machine capable of such delicate adjustment that it will accomplish the most ponderous work, and will also crack a nut. Mr. Nasmyth inherited some of his father's artistic talent, as exquisite pen-and-ink drawings of his in the possession of his friends sufficiently testify. Since his retirement from business life, at the age of forty-eight, he devoted much time to astronomy, and his monograph on the moon, in preparing which he collaborated with Dr. Carpenter, of Greenwich Observatory, is the most valuable English work on the subject.

The Portrait of Mr. Nasmyth is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.



THE LATE MR. JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER,
INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-HAMMER.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

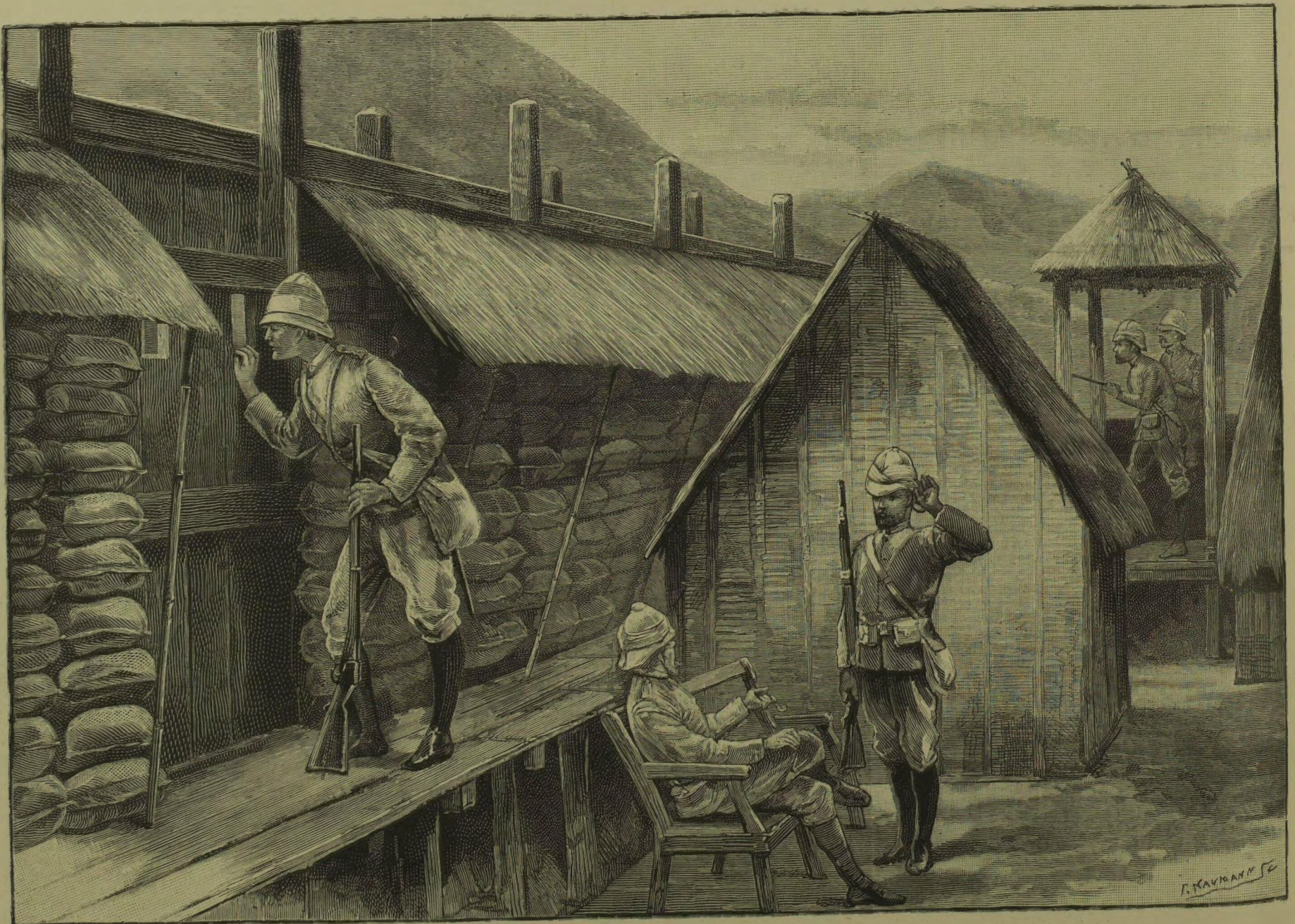
A most important accession to high-class London music has been made by the opening of a new season of the famous Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall. The inaugural performance took place on May 12, when the programme offered specimens of the classical and the ultra-romantic schools, so that tastes of opposite kinds were provided for. The overture to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and his prelude to "Parsifal" and Liszt's third "Rhapsodie" appealed to admirers of what, by some, is called the "advanced" school; while those whose tastes are not sufficiently cultivated in that direction would probably find more to admire in Schubert's uncompleted Symphony in B minor and Beethoven's fifth Symphony in C minor. All the works just specified have been rendered so familiar by frequent repetitions that mere mention of them may suffice. Dr. Hans Richter was warmly greeted on taking his place at the conductor's desk, so worthily occupied by him for many seasons.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

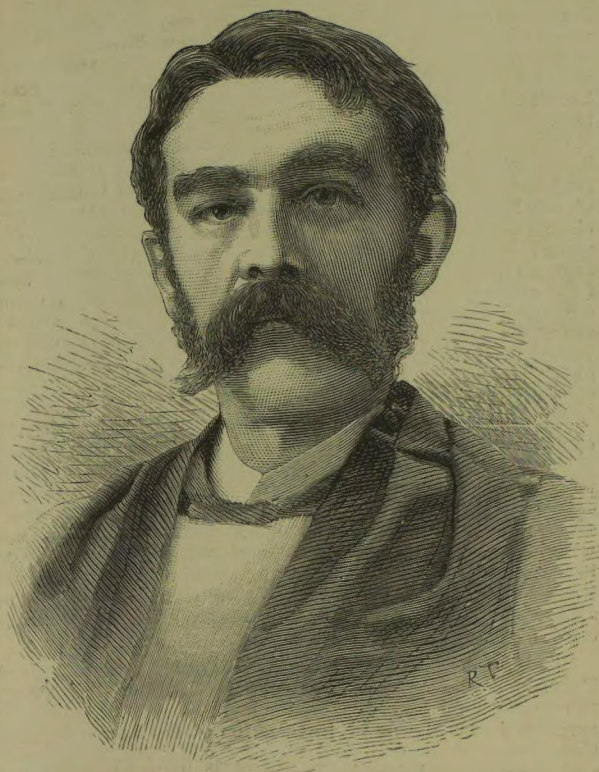
The termination of this successful military campaign was reported on May 3, with the departure of Brigadier-General Symons from Haka, the chief station to be maintained in future on the newly constructed road between the Lushai highlands, above the shores of the Bay of Bengal, and the western frontier of Upper Burmah. A correspondent at Fort White, with the northern column of the Chin Expedition force—namely, Lieutenant W. Hussey Walsh, of the Cheshire Regiment—has sent us a few Sketches, on March 19, representing a conflict with the hostile Mwebongyi tribe, and the burning of their village, by the troops under command of Colonel Skene; also the outpost of Yawhi, held by a hundred men after the advance of the column to Tashonyama. This post being surrounded by parties of the enemy, it was needful to keep a sharp look-out, and to keep a clear space around the encampment; but the threatened attack did not take place, and some days afterwards there were friendly Chins bringing provisions for sale.

On May 12 the Lord Mayor presided at a festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held at the Hôtel Métropole. Contributions were announced amounting to £1957, including £250 from the Earl and Countess of Rosebery and an equal amount from the Misses Cohen.

The Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, in Blomfield-street, Finsbury-circus (anciently "Moorfields"), was founded in 1804, and is one of the noblest of our beneficent healing institutions. It received last year 2196 in-patients, of whom 585 were treated with operations for cataract, and 25,261 out-patients, whose cases involved over 126,000 consultations. The Board of Management, of which Mr. Charles Gordon is chairman, now appeals to public liberality for aid in erecting a new hospital building, on ground recently leased to the hospital by the City of London, and for the rearrangement of the old building, to meet the modern sanitary and medical requirements. The lowest estimated cost is £35,000, and the enlargement of the institution will cause an addition to the annual expenses. We have received, with the official circular inviting contributions, a printed letter written by a lady, Miss Florence Almond, 42, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E., who earnestly pleads, having been herself a sufferer, for help to those threatened with blindness, or afflicted with disease of the eyes. All sympathies with such distress may be expressed most beneficially by donations, however small, to the building fund of this great hospital, addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Robert J. Newstead.



THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION: AN OUTPOST LOOK-OUT AT YAWHI.



THE RIGHT REV. A. R. TUCKER.

BISHOP OF EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

The Right Rev. Alfred Robert Tucker, D.D., is the new Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, who has left England to reside in Uganda, on the north-west shore of the great Lake Victoria Nyanza. He has been appointed Bishop by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in succession to Bishop Parker, who died there two years ago, and who had succeeded Bishop Hannington, murdered by order of King M'wanga on the confines of Uganda. Mr. Tucker, who is nearly forty years of age, was educated at Oxford, where he took his degree of M.A., but did not take holy orders till 1882 or 1883, and before that was an artist. He belongs to a family of artists, who among them have placed many pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy last year. He is married, and has one child. Since 1885 he has been curate of the parish of St. Nicholas, Durham.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

CAPTAIN F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS,
GOLD MEDALLIST, ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

CAPTAIN F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND.

Of the two gold medals granted yearly by the Royal Geographical Society to distinguished recent explorers, one has been bestowed on Captain F. E. Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, who, three years ago, made his bold and adventurous journey from Pekin to the northern borders of India. This achievement was very creditable to a young officer barely twenty-four years of age, who, accompanied only by his servant, without escort, and without influence, struggled bravely along seven thousand miles of wild and semi-hostile regions, through the desert of Gobi, and over the summit of the Mustagh Pass, which had not previously been traversed.

The Portrait of Captain Younghusband is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta and Bombay.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., on May 12 addressed the members and friends of the University College Literary Society on "The Real and the Ideal in Fiction." He argued that the forms and methods of fiction come by fashion, change, action, and reaction; and that, when a certain school had gone far enough, then a school from the opposite side of the artistic field was sure to rise and have its day. In his belief there could be no absolute severance between the real and ideal, and a work of fiction, as a work of art, must combine the two.

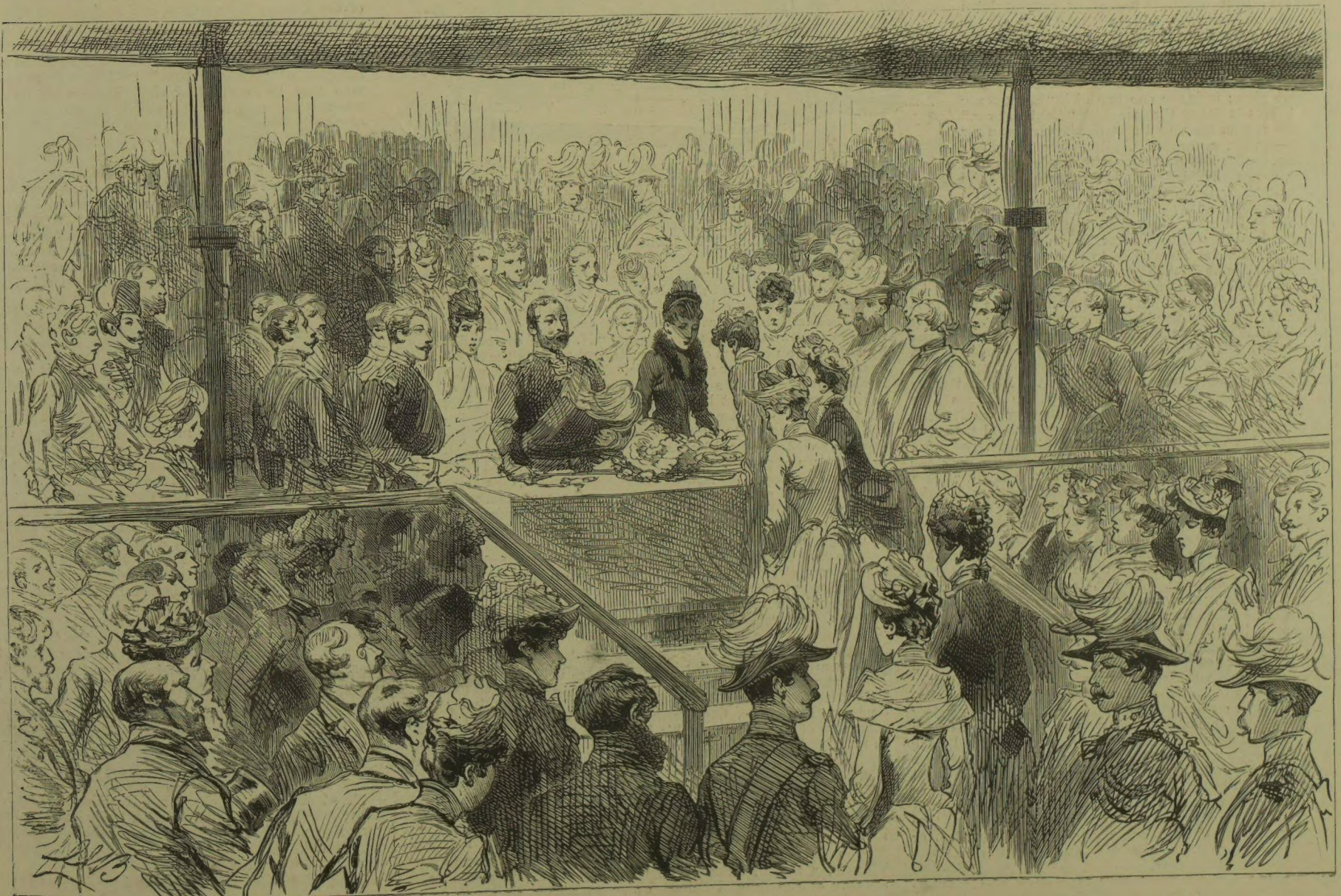


THE LATE COLONEL C. G. HAYTER, C.B.

THE LATE COLONEL C. G. HAYTER, C.B.

Colonel Charles George Hayter, C.B., who died on May 1, was in the fiftieth year of his age. At the age of sixteen he went to India as a cadet in the Hon. East India Company's service, and served with distinction throughout the Indian Mutiny. He also took an active part in the Bhootan War of 1864 and 1865, and in the expedition against the Nagas in 1867. He distinguished himself during both the Afghan Campaigns, from 1878 to 1880, when he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, having been mentioned in despatches, and received the thanks of the Governor-General of India in Council for his services. During the Egyptian Campaign in 1882 he was appointed Director of Transport, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt, when he was again mentioned in despatches; he was then made a C.B., and received no less than seven decorations for his war services.

The photograph is by Johnston and Hoffmann, Calcutta.



OPENING OF THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION: THE PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING FURS FOR THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTES.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The field for an enterprising dramatist in England is being gradually lessened. He runs a dangerous risk if he touches on love that is in any way illicit, although the most serious dramas in the world's history have their origin in the contradictory character of the sexes; religious topics are very properly tabooed: science is too precise for the purposes of the stage: isolated as we are in this comfortable little island of ours, we know nothing of the horrors of invasion, of the destruction of hearth and home, of the presence of the enemy within the gates; our modern warfare is insignificant and so far removed from home that we are scarcely cognisant of its terrors: Roman history and the toga period is voted ridiculous, old revolutions are considered out of date, and even the pathetic and always dramatic sorrows of poor Old Ireland are being rudely crossed off the list. Pity the sorrows of a poor dramatist of the nineteenth century in England! may well be the cry. It must have been for one of these mysterious reasons that no enterprising manager has hitherto ventured to produce Steele Mackaye's well-knit drama "Paul Kauvar." In all probability some demon whispered in his ear: "Yes, not a bad drama; but French Revolution drama, Reign of Terror, and all that sort of thing! Besides, my dear boy, done to death. Don't you remember Dickens in 'A Tale of Two Cities,' Palgrave Simpson and Merivale in 'All for Her,' Watts Phillips in 'The Dead Heart'? Besides"—and there is always a clincher to finish with—"who on earth cares for the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror, or Robespierre?"

Doubtless it is difficult to know what the people do believe in or where interest lies in this luxurious, selfish, and undramatic age, except the destruction of a fine comedy of old English manners, when it is edited with modern slang for the Criterion and played like a French farce of the Palais-Royal type. But, for all that, "Paul Kauvar" is not at all a bad drama of its kind. It is of the same form as most French Revolution dramas, and the author has coolly appropriated the leading incident in "The Dead Heart": but there is one thing about the play in which it differs from most melodramas of the kind. It gives good opportunities to the actor and actress to exercise their art, and the stage is not wholly given up to the carpenter, scene-shifter, and limelight-men. Of late it has been far too much the custom to thrust the actor into a corner, and bid him wait until the spectacle-maker has done with the stage. But Steele Mackaye, who is a manager in America, who does not act, has seen to it that "Paul Kauvar" shall not be a one-part play, or that the whole of its interest should be devoted to a star—male or female. We all know what would have happened if "Paul Kauvar" had been proposed to a theatrical director or directress over here. If offered to an actor young enough to play the "painter and patriot"—not, indeed, that that would very much matter, as actors become younger in their ambition as they grow older in years—every other part would have been ruthlessly cut down. The father, so well acted by Mr. Henry Neville, would have become a shadow; the heroine would have been reduced in dramatic proportion; only the villain would have been allowed to stand, because for him there is no "sympathy." If offered to an actress-manageress, the same process would have gone on, *mutatis mutandis*. Luckily for us, Drury-Lane is in the hands of a manager who does not act, so "Paul Kauvar" remains pretty much as the author designed it. What is the consequence? It is an all-round success for the artists engaged—not one artist or two artists, but all the principals who are engaged. Whatever may be said about the play, few can find fault with the acting. How can it possibly affect or injure Mr. Terriss, who plays the picturesque hero, that when the proper time comes Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Stirling, and Miss Millward "score," as it is called in the profession? No possible benefit would be gained by cutting down good parts in order to add to the "fat" of the leading one. In fact, if actors and actresses only knew it, they often suffer materially by isolation, and gain immensely by contrast. The best play for the actor or actress of ambition is not necessarily the single-part play: it is the one in which "honours are divided." This is fairly the case with "Paul Kauvar." Mr. Terriss is admirable as the hero, the very man for the part—manly, enthusiastic, alternately passionate and sullen, tender and irritable—a man who can love and hate, caress and fight. We hear sometimes of the difficulty of being heard in Drury-Lane. Mr. Terriss does not experience it, for every note in his resonant voice could be heard in the topmost gallery. It will be a great loss to "Paul Kauvar" when Mr. Terriss is compelled, in a few days' time, to give up the part temporarily while he fills his Lyceum engagement and appears in "Louis the Eleventh" and "Olivia"; but, at any rate, he has started the play well, and will probably come back to it when Mr. Irving leaves London on his reading tour. Equally well suited with a telling part is Mr. Henry Neville, one of the best and most competent actors on the stage, an actor with a style of his own, who wears his years bravely, and whose experience is of the greatest consequence. No matter in what play or character Mr. Neville acts, he always does his work well. There is no slovenliness or carelessness about him. He works loyally for his author and manager, and never sulks with his work. Erect, dignified, and with a walk that reminds the playgoer of old days, before the lounging, hands-in-pocket school came to the front, it is a treat to see Mr. Henry Neville as the aristocratic old Duke who denounces his beloved daughter for marrying a democrat. He does not look a day older than when he played Henry Dunbar at the Olympic. Miss Millward also thoroughly distinguished herself in the new play. Her American trip has certainly done her no harm: on the contrary, it has done her a great deal of good. At last we get a suggestion of power. The young actress does not toy with the part. She acts it. She does not slur over the notes, but makes them heard. To Miss Millward falls a very important and fine scene, and she fairly rises to the occasion, not by rant or excess, but by colour carefully and effectively put on. A thoroughly sound, and at times pathetic, performance was that of the old aristocratic General, by that capital actor Mr. Arthur Stirling. There was only one strong disappointment. One of the best parts in the play, a crafty Marquis turned Jacobin, the kind of part that would have been seized and at once understood by Mr. Beerbohm Tree some few years ago, fell to Mr. Hudson, who thinks that all the part wants is an imitation of the manner of Mr. Henry Irving. It wants nothing of the kind. It wants the study of character, it wants observation, discrimination, and tact. The dialogue requires to be spoken naturally, not growled or barked at the unoffending audience. This was a serious blot on an otherwise well-acted play.

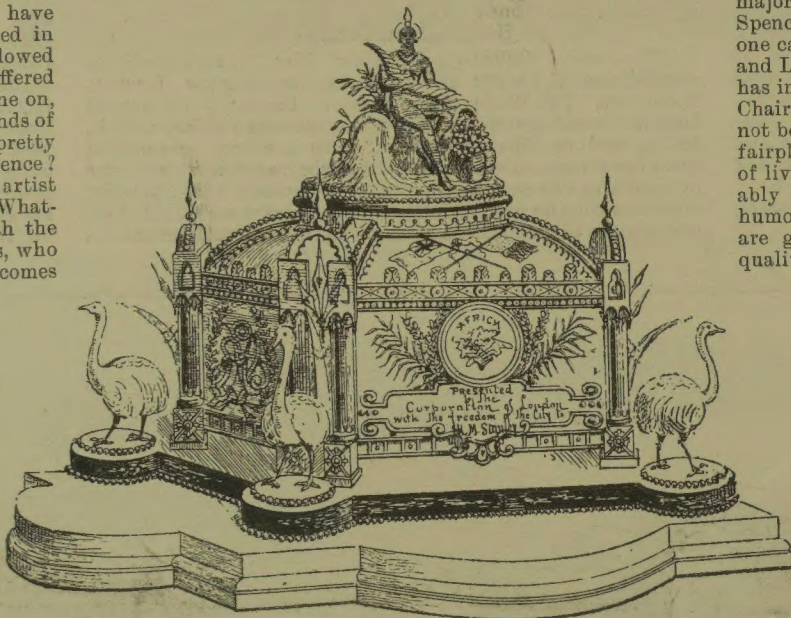
Presumably, enough has been said already of the extraordinary performance of Goldsmith's delightful comedy "The Stoops to Conquer," at the Criterion, when the text and whole scheme of the play were altered to suit the existing taste for farce in preference to comedy, for eccentricity as against a study of manners. I am quite prepared to be told that a

manager knows his own business best. That must be taken for granted; but, all the same, one may very fairly regret that so admirable an actor and so clever a manager as Mr. Wyndham did not see his way to present the play as it was intended to be presented. It surely should not be a difficult matter to get together a company fitted to take part in Goldsmith's play, and it is nonsense to say that the taste for polished comedy is dead, in the face of such a success as "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Garrick. What better young Marlow could be found than Mr. Wyndham, if he permitted himself to play in Goldsmith's comedy and not in the Criterion farce? But how can he play young Marlow situated as he is? In the words of a delightful cynic, it is difficult to believe in the success of the Tony Lumpkin of Mr. George Giddens, since it was enthusiastically greeted by the same audience that had passed the violation of Goldsmith's text and dramatic scheme. But, in truth, it was an excellent bit of acting, the very best of the Tony Lumpkins that the modern playgoer has seen. His mischief was not horseplay: he was a good-natured booby, not an ill-mannered lout. It will be curious to see how far the general public indorses the verdict of the first appreciative and enthusiastic audience, consisting, as it is very natural it should, of the personal friends and well-wishers of the management. Such tests as these are gradually losing their value. It is no more possible to cold-shoulder a play under "first-night" conditions than it is to snub a performer, singer, pianist, or reciter in the drawing-room of a courteous host. If society has destroyed for the audiences of the future the abiding faith in Goldsmith as an observant dramatist, and his best play as an honoured classic, then society has much to answer for. Viewed by this awkward precedent, nothing is sacred to society, which once in matters dramatic represented culture, taste, refinement, and education. The tables are being rapidly turned. It was once the uneducated who turned up their noses a little bit at Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith. Now it is the educated who lead the van of destruction and extermination. Who will solve this problem? How is it that, with the spread of education, the literary side of the drama has conspicuously deteriorated? Never was the drama more popular as an amusement: never before was it so intellectually barren. To have altered the text of Goldsmith to suit the educated and to please "society" would have made the hair of our fathers stand on end!

C. S.

CITY FREEDOM CASKET FOR MR. STANLEY.

The gold casket presented with the freedom of the City of London to Mr. H. M. Stanley, at Guildhall, on Tuesday, May 13, is arabesque in design. It stands on a base of Algerine onyx, surmounted by a plinth of ebony, the corners of which project and are rounded. At each angle stands an ostrich carved in ivory, over which projects an elephant's tusk, looped to three spears. The pillars are of crocodile, resting in sockets of



CASKET OF FREEDOM OF CITY OF LONDON PRESENTED TO MR. STANLEY.

gold and surmounted by gold capitals. The panels and the roof are of ivory richly overlaid with ornamental work, in fine gold, and of various colours. The back panel bears the City arms emblazoned in proper heraldic colours. One of the end panels bears the tricoloured monogram "H. M. S." surrounded by a wreath, an emblem of victory; the other bears the monogram of the Lord Mayor of London. The front panel, which is also the door of the casket, displays a miniature map of Africa, over the tablet bearing the inscription. On the roof are the standards of America and Great Britain. Surmounting the whole, on an oval platform, is an allegorical figure of the Congo Free State, seated by the source of the river, and holding the horn of plenty. This design, which was selected from among a number of the leading London goldsmiths, does great credit, as well as the workmanship, to the manufacturers, Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of 1, Poultry, London, and of Glasgow. They have had the honour of showing the casket to the Queen.

The reception of Mr. Stanley at Guildhall was attended by a large company of distinguished persons, many of the gentlemen wearing Court dress or uniform, and many ladies gracing the assembly in the great hall, which was decorated for the occasion. Several members of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, and of the Royal Geographical Society, were present. In reply to the Lord Mayor's congratulatory address, Mr. Stanley made a speech, referring in a friendly spirit to Emin Pasha's acceptance of German service, and to the prospects of British enterprise in Africa. Captain Stairs, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, Dr. Parke, Captain Nelson, and Mr. Bonny, the comrades of Mr. Stanley in his late Expedition, spoke briefly in turn, praising the conduct of their leader.

A new gymnasium for the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools, built at the expense of Mr. John Bentley, and by him presented to the well-known establishment at Russell Hill, near Purley, was formally opened on May 10.

The Duchess of Teck and her daughter, Princess Victoria, attended, on May 12, the forty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Ragged School Union at Exeter Hall. The Duchess distributed a number of certificates to representatives of nearly seventy ragged schools, seven hundred and twenty-seven former scholars of which had gained prizes for keeping their situations for over twelve months. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Princesses for their presence.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

A statesman whose high honour and thoroughly English characteristics amply justify the esteem in which he is held had a notable compliment paid him on the Thirteenth of May. The Marquis of Hartington, completely restored to health, one is glad to observe, by his visit to sunny Egypt, was entertained at a congratulatory banquet in the Crystal Palace by a very large and distinguished body of Liberal Unionists, comprising the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Albans, the Earl of Derby, Mr. Goschen, Earl Fortescue, Earl Cowper, Lord Northbrook, Lord Portsmouth, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who presided with his accustomed ability. Lord Hartington richly merited the tribute he received. In the heated controversies of political life, it seems sometimes to be forgotten that the noble Marquis, on the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Liberal Party, cheerfully undertook his onerous duties, and increased the regard felt for him by all classes of legislators. Lord Hartington's steadfastness and resolution, and staunch adherence to the Constitutional principles he values more than office, are qualities eminently deserving the honours offered to the noble Lord, whose plain, outspoken speech at the Crystal Palace banquet was worthy the character for "hard-headedness" given him by Mr. Bright at the memorable Reform Club meeting.

The Prime Minister may well felicitate himself upon the continued lightness of legislative work in the House of Lords. When Lord Salisbury's labours in the Upper Chamber at this period of the Session may be generally summed up in a smiling chat, now and then, with jovial Lord Halsbury on the wool-sack, an occasional brisk rejoinder to Earl Granville, a quip with blithe and beaming Lord Cranbrook on the Ministerial bench, or a joke which wreathes the usually staid face of Lord Cross with smiles, the Premier can plume himself that he has all the more time to devote to the Foreign Office papers he carries off in the red despatch-box.

Mention of Lord Cranbrook, the acute and able Lord President of the Council, reminds one that his Lordship on the Twelfth of May delivered one of his admirably clear speeches in the Lords in justification of the new Education Code, under which drill and physical education, by the way, should be fostered for the bodily good of the rising generation; and it was a pleasing incident of the licensing debate in the Commons the following day that the Gathorne-Hardy of old lived again in the fresh and animated speech his son, Mr. Alfred Erskine Gathorne-Hardy, made with effect in favour of the Ministerial resolutions.

Before leaving the Lords, allusion should be made to the cool gossip that is current respecting the Liberal leadership in the Upper House. Rumour has it that Earl Granville, who, with an unfailing bonhomie and courtesy all his own, has borne the heat and burden of the day in the face of a hostile majority, is quietly to be brushed aside, and that either Earl Spencer or Lord Rosebery is to be promoted to his place. No one can doubt the commanding abilities both of Earl Spencer and Lord Rosebery, the latter noble Earl especially, since he has increased his experience and knowledge of men as excellent Chairman of the London County Council. But it would surely not be in accordance with the traditions of Liberalism or of fairplay to deprive Earl Granville, perhaps the most tactful of living statesmen, of the honourable position he has creditably filled for many years. His ready wit and abundant humour and good humour (the two do not always go together) are generally known. The noble Earl displayed these rare qualities very happily in the neat little speech he made as chairman of the meeting at which Mr. Gladstone commemorated the virtues of Mr. T. B. Potter as founder of the Cobden Dinner Club, and as steadfast upholder of Free Trade.

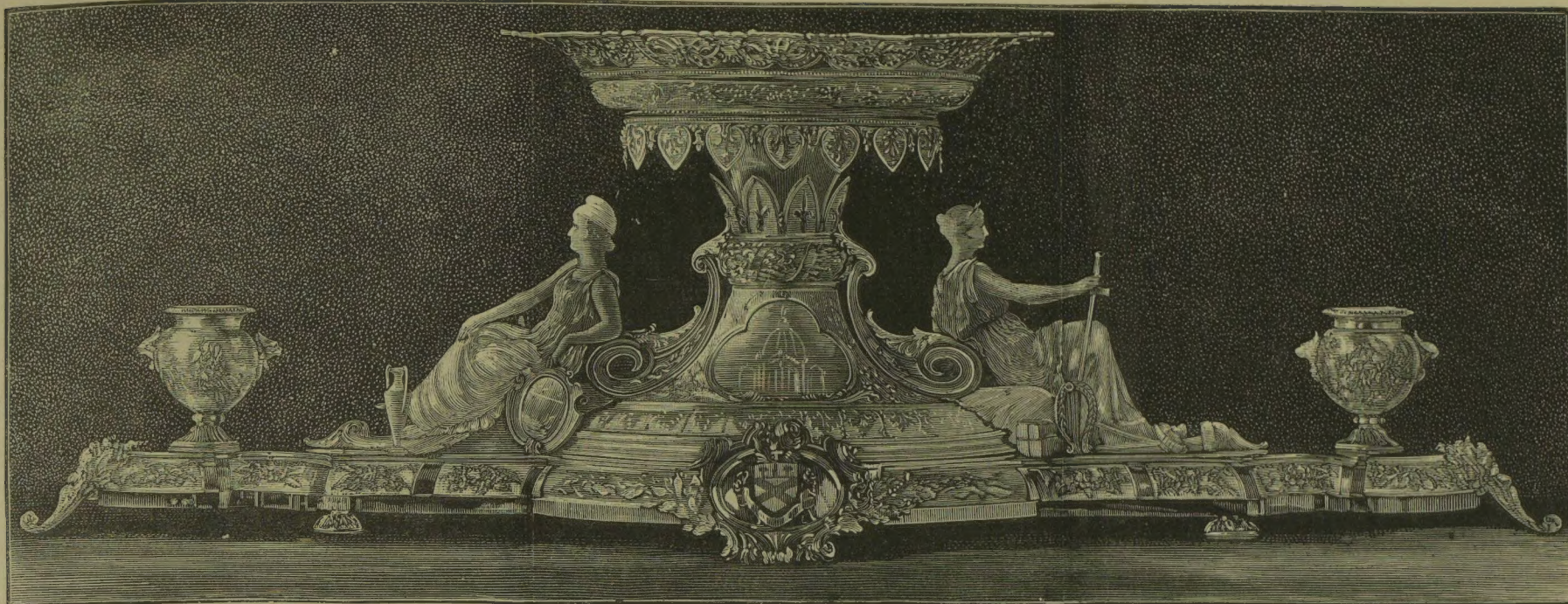
The Commons, stimulated by whole sheaves of telegrams, have exhibited a lively interest in the vexed question of "compensation" to licensed victuallers who may be deprived of their licenses in localities where it is considered desirable to reduce the number of public-houses. Why on earth did Mr. Goschen go out of his way to fasten this ticklish subject on to his Budget? When Mr. Ritchie found it expedient to drop it like a hot potato from his County Council Bill, it appears inexplicable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have revived warm discussion by an attempt to resuscitate it by a side-wind. Few questions develop intemperance of speech so much as temperance polemics do. In listening to the heated harangues on this topic of "compensation," one finds it difficult to remember that it was an old English poet who wrote the lines—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

In a spirit of camaraderie laudable enough, albeit he must well have known the storm he would raise, the stalwart President of the Local Government Board on the Twelfth of May stood by the licensing proposals of Mr. Goschen, which may be summed up in brief as placing a slight extra duty on alcoholic liquors to provide County Councils with funds to compensate those licensed victuallers whose houses it may be deemed advisable to close. Hence these tears. Mr. Ritchie on the date in question moved the second reading of the cumbersome Local Taxation Bill, which is to provide for the superannuation of police, and for additions to educational grants in Scotland and Ireland, besides compensation to publicans. Mr. Caine let loose the tempest by moving an amendment directly condemning the setting apart of public money for the extinction of licenses; Mr. Storey, his second, maintained the whirlwind of excitement; but it was significant that Mr. T. W. Russell, like Mr. Caine a teetotaler and Liberal Unionist, energetically supported the Government Bill, which was subsequently debated with considerable heat on both sides. The engrossing subject, indeed, so far absorbed the attention of hon. members the following day that they had not strength left to endure the spicy discussion of breaches of promise promised by Sir Roper Lethbridge and Mr. Frank Lockwood, both eager to vindicate the cause of faithless swains, and checkmated those budding legislators with a count-out. Meanwhile, Time flies, and legislation languishes.

Probate of the will of the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, of 17, Delahay-street, Westminster, printer, publisher, and newspaper proprietor, who died on April 8, aged seventy-five years, has been granted to the executors. The value of his personal estate has been sworn at £563,743.

The Hospital Saturday collection at Birmingham has this year beaten the record, the total sum paid in on May 10 being nearly £8000, as compared with a little over £7000 last year. About 1000 factories and workshops contributed to this total, which was supplemented by some £400 collected at stalls in the streets. It is hoped that supplementary contributions will raise the total to £10,000.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN SIR POLYDORE DE KEYSER BY THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

TESTIMONIAL TO ALDERMAN DE KEYSER.

A testimonial was presented by the Executive Council of the British Section of the late Paris Exhibition to Alderman Sir Polydore De Keyser, at the Mansion House, on May 6, the anniversary of the date of the opening of the Exhibition. The gift was a solid silver centrepiece, with two finely modelled figures—one representing London, murally crowned, with sword of justice and shield bearing the arms of the City; the other France, supporting a shield bearing the arms of Paris, with a model of the Eiffel Tower, emblems of arts, pottery, and manufactures. The raised centre supports a pierced silver dish for flowers. On one side is a view in bas-relief of the central dome in the Paris Exhibition, on the reverse is the Mansion House of London. The subsidiary decorations are appropriate. The centrepiece, which is 38 in. long and weighs nearly 400 ounces, is an exquisite piece of workmanship, and reflects high credit on the manufacturers, who are the Goldsmiths' Alliance (Limited), of Cornhill.

AYLESBURY.

The Queen's visit, on Wednesday, May 14, to Waddesdon Manor, the seat of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., has allowed the inhabitants of Aylesbury, through which her Majesty passed, to greet the Royal presence with a loyal and cordial welcome. Aylesbury, forty miles north-west of London, connected with the London and North-Western Railway by a branch line, is the county town of Buckinghamshire, pleasantly situated in its famous "Vale," which is one of the

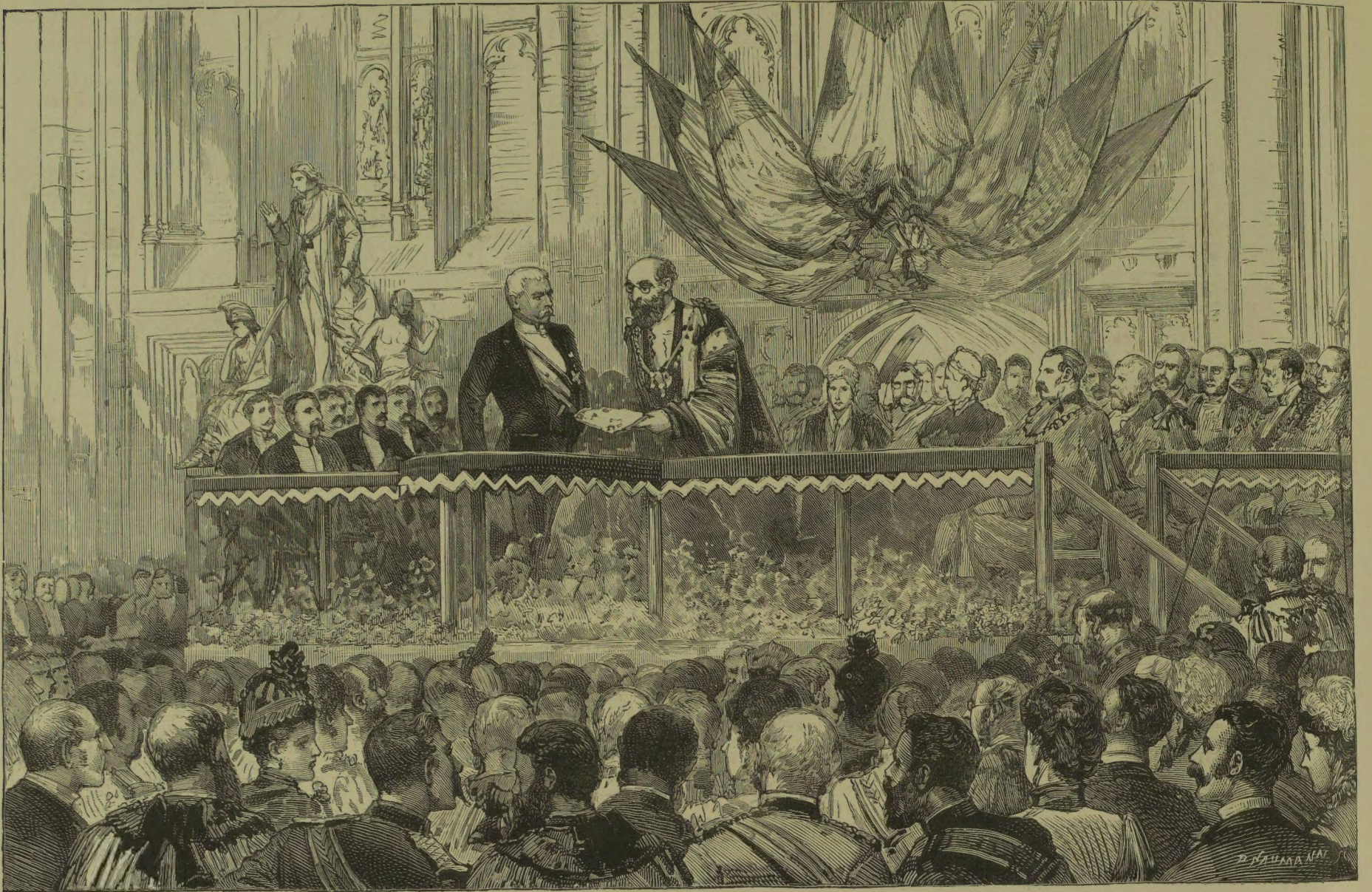
finest tracts of meadow and pasture in all England, productive of good milk and butter, and of beef and mutton, to which must be added the breeding of ducks and other poultry, contributing acceptably to the table comforts of London. It is not a large town, having a population of about thirty thousand, nor does it practise any great manufacturing industry; but the market of so rich a rural district has considerable importance. The parish church, St. Mary's, is a fine old cruciform structure of the thirteenth century, in the Early English style, with alterations of later architectural date, the large west window, the door of the south transept, and the chapels being of the Perpendicular phase, and the upper clock-tower erected in the reign of Charles II. In the neighbourhood of Aylesbury stand mansions and manor-houses of old English gentry, which have much antiquarian and historical interest. Near the town is Hartwell Park, with a great house, which was lent by its owner, Dr. Lee, in 1810, to the exiled King of France, Louis XVIII., who resided there, with his Queen and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême and the Prince and Princess de Condé, until 1814. Beyond this, to the west, is Dynton Manor House, where Cromwell sojourned in command of the Commonwealth Army while Charles I. was at Oxford, and which was afterwards the hiding-place of one of those who ordered the execution of that King: the more ancient part of the house was built, in the reign of Henry VII., by Archbishop Warham. Another interesting mansion is Chequers Court, an Elizabethan building, in which the sister of Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned two years for marrying an officer of the Queen's Household. It contains a valuable collection of portraits and relics of the Commonwealth period.

THE LABOUR AGITATION IN AUSTRIA.

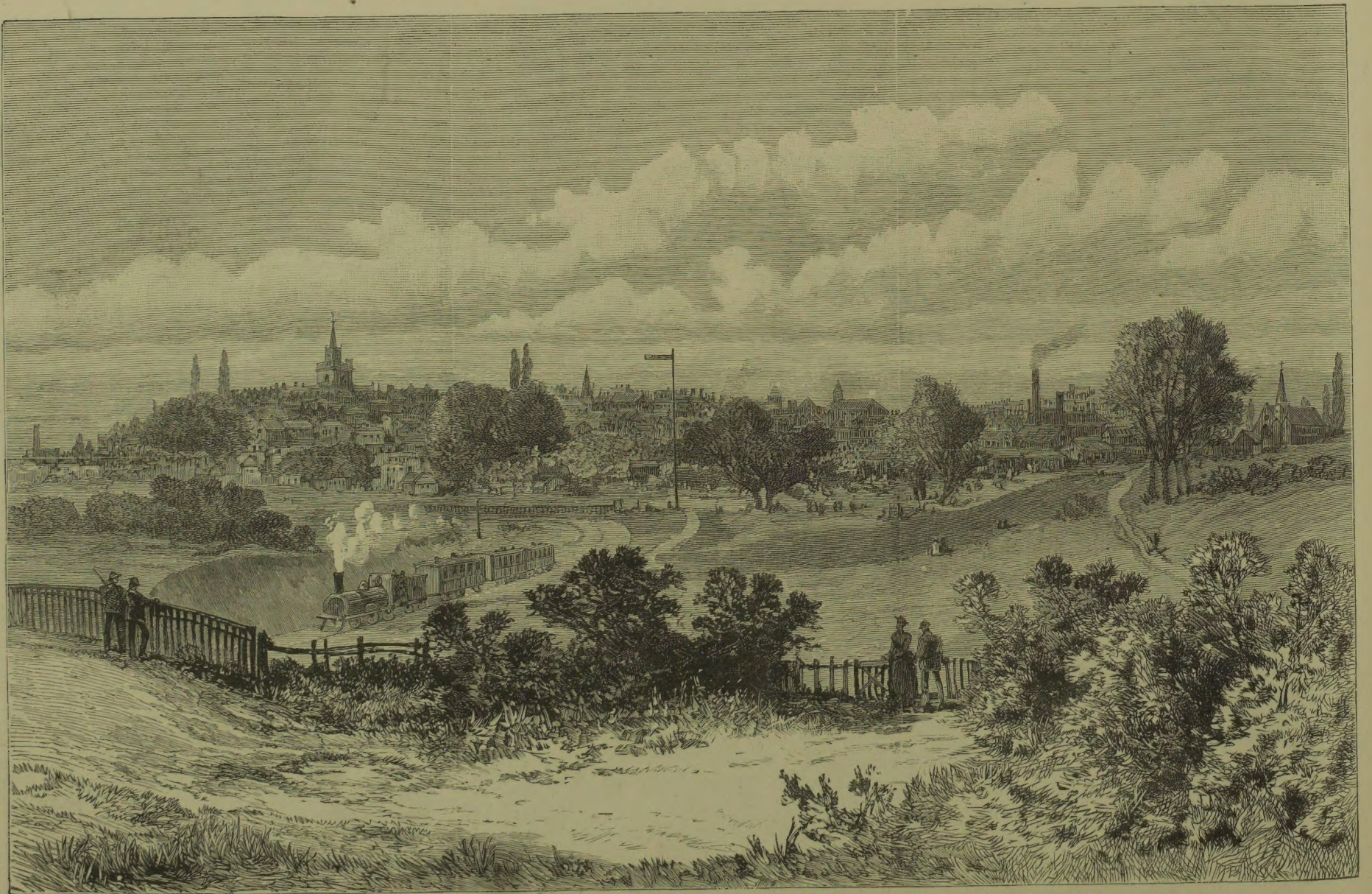
Although in Vienna, as well as in Berlin, in Paris, and other capital cities of Europe, the open-air demonstrations of the working-men claiming more liberal terms of employment, on Thursday, May 1, were orderly and peaceable, there had been serious riots in several provincial manufacturing towns, especially in Moravia and Silesia, at Fulneck and Bielitz, occasioned by meetings of that class a week before. In one instance, on April 23, a thousand workmen assembled in the market-place of Bielitz, and marched in procession through the streets, smashing all the windows in the suburbs. Every spirit-shop was plundered and wrecked. The inhabitants became panic-stricken, and shut themselves up in their houses. A detachment of cavalry and a company of infantry soon appeared on the scene, and a regular fight ensued. The rioters, many of whom were armed with pickaxes, began to press the military; two revolver shots were fired at the captain in command, and a shower of stones and bottles flung from the windows of the houses. Resistance still continuing, a charge with fixed bayonets was ordered, but, as this failed to intimidate the mob, the order was at last given to fire two rounds of ball cartridge. The effect was instantaneous. When the people had dispersed, three men were picked up dead and others wounded. Seventeen lives were lost. This is by far the most serious affair which has taken place in Austria since the beginning of the labour agitation. At Budapest there was a strike of fifteen hundred journeymen bakers, who encamped on an island in the river.



THE LABOUR AGITATION IN AUSTRIA: RIOTS AT FULNECK, MORAVIA.



PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO MR. STANLEY AT GUILDHALL.



AYLESBURY, VISITED BY THE QUEEN, MAY 14.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

She raved about somebody who had bought something

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT NEXT?

ROLAND had moved into his new studio before Armorel became, as she had promised, his model in the new picture. She began to go there nearly every morning, accompanied by Effie, and faithfully sat for two or three hours while the painting went on. It was the picture which he had begun under the old conditions, her own figure being substituted for that of the girl which the artist originally designed. The studio was one of a nest of such offices crowded together under a great roof and lying on many floors. The others were, I dare say, prettily furnished and decorated with the customary furniture of a studio, with pictures, sketches, screens, and pretty things of all kinds. This studio was nothing but a great gaunt room, with a big window, and no furniture in it except an easel, a table, and two or three chairs. There was simply nothing else. Under the pressure of want and failure the unfortunate artist had long ago parted with all the pretty things with which he had begun his career, and the present was no time to replace them.

"I have got the studio," he said, "for the remainder of a lease, pretty cheap. Unfortunately, I cannot furnish it yet. Wait until the tide turns. I am full of hope. Then this arid wall and this great staring Sahara of a floor shall blossom with all manner of lovely things—armour and weapons, bits of carving and tapestry, drawings. You shall see how jolly it will be."

Next to the studio there were two rooms. In one of these, his bed-room, he had placed the barest necessities; the other was empty and unfurnished, so that he had no place to sit in during the evening but his gaunt and ghostly studio. However, the tide had turned in one respect. He was now full of hope.

There is no better time for conversation than when one is sitting for a portrait or standing for a model. The subject has to remain motionless. This would be irksome if silence were imposed as well as inaction. Happily, the painter finds that his sitter only exhibits a natural expression when he or she is talking and thinking about something else. And, which is certainly a Providential arrangement, the painter alone among mortals, if we except the cobbler, can talk and work at the same time. I do not mean that he can talk about the Differential Calculus, or about the relations of Capital and Labour, or about a hot corner in politics: but he can talk of things light, pleasant, and on the surface.

"I feel myself back in Scilly," said Armorel. "Whenever I come here and think of what you are painting, I am in the boat, watching the race of the tide through the channel. The puffins are swarming on Camber Rock, and swimming in the smooth water outside: there is the head of a seal, black above the water, shining in the sunlight—how he flounders in the current! The seagulls are flying and crying overhead: the shags stand in rows upon the farthest rocks: the seabreeze blows upon my cheek. I suppose I have changed so much that when I go back I shall have lost the old feeling. But it was

joy enough in those days only to sit in the boat and watch it all. Do you remember, Roland?"

"I remember very well. You are not changed a bit, Armorel: you have only grown larger and"—"More beautiful," he would have added, but refrained. "You will find that the old joy will return again—*la joie de vivre*—only to breathe and feel and look around. But it will be then ten times as joyous. If you loved Scilly when you were a child and had seen nothing else, how much more will you love the place now that you have travelled and seen strange lands and other coasts and the islands of the Mediterranean!"

"I fear that I shall find the place small: the house will have shrunk—children's houses always shrink. I hope that Holy Farm will not have become mean."

"Mean? with the verbena-trees, the fuchsias, the tall pampas-grass, and the palms! Mean? with the old ship's lantern and the gilded figure-head? Mean, Armorel? with the old orchard behind and the twisted trees with their fringe of grey moss? You talk rank blasphemy! Something dreadful will happen to you."

"Perhaps it will be I myself, then, that will have grown mean enough to think the old house mean. But Samson is a very little place, isn't it? One cannot make out Samson to be a big place. I could no longer live there always. We will go there for three or four months every year; just for refreshment of the soul, and then return here among men and women or travel abroad together, Effie. We could be happy for a time there: we could sail and row about the rocks in calm weather: and in stormy weather we should watch the waves breaking over the headlands, and in the evening I would play 'Dissembling Love' or 'Prince Rupert's March.'"

"I am ready to go to-morrow, if you will take me with you," said Effie.

Then they were silent again. Roland walked backwards and forwards, brush and palette in hand, looking at his model and at his canvas. Effie stood beside the picture, watching it grow. To one who cannot paint, the growth of a portrait on the canvas is a kind of magic. The bare outline and shape of head and face, the colour—the soul—of the eyes, the curve of the neck, the lines of the lips—anyone might draw these. But to transfer to the canvas the very soul that lies beneath the features—that, if you please, is different. Oh! How does the painter catch the soul of the man and show it in his face? One must be oneself an artist of some kind even to appreciate the greatness of the portrait painter.

"When this picture is finished," said Armorel, "there will be nothing to keep me in London; and we will go then."

"At the very beginning of the season?"

"The season is nothing to me. My companion, Mrs. Elstree, who was to have launched me so beautifully into the very best society, turns out not to have any friends, so that there is no society for me, after all. Perhaps it is as well."

"Will Mrs. Elstree go to Scilly with you?" asked Roland.

"No," said Armorel, with decision. "On Samson, at least, one needs no companion."

Again they relapsed into silence for a space. Conversation in the studio is fitful.

"I have a thing to talk over with you two," she said. "First, I thought it would be best to talk about it to you singly; but now I think that you should both hear the whole story, and so we can all three take counsel as to what is best."

"Your head a little more—so," Roland indicated the movement with his forefinger. "That will do. Now pray go on, Armorel."

"Once there was a man," she began, as if she was telling a story to children—and, indeed, there is no better way ever found out of beginning a story—"a man who was, in no sense at all, and could never become, try as much as he could, an artist. He was, in fact, entirely devoid of the artistic faculty: he had no ear for music or for poetry, no eye for beauty of form or for colour, no hand for drawing, no brain to conceive: he was quite a prosaic person. Whether he was clever in things that do not require the artistic faculty, I do not know. I should hardly think he could be clever in anything. Perhaps he might be good at buying cheap and selling dear."

"Won't you take five minutes' rest?" asked the painter; hardly listening at all to the beginning, which, as you see, promised very little in the way of amusement. There are, however, many ways by which the story-teller gets a grip of his hearer, and a dull beginning is not always the least effective. He put down his palette. "You must be tired," he said. "Come and tell me what you think." He looked thoughtfully at his picture. Armorel's poor little beginning of a story was slighted.

"You are satisfied, so far?" she asked.

"I will tell you when it is finished. Is the water quite right?"

"We are in shoal, close behind us are the broad Black Rock Ledges. The water might be even more transparent still. It is the dark water racing through the narrow ravine that I think of most. It will be a great picture, Roland. Now I will take my place again." She did so. "And, with your permission, I will go on with my story: you heard the beginning, Roland?"

"Oh! Yes! Unfortunate man with no eyes and no ears," he replied, unsuspecting. "Worse than a one-eyed Calender."

"This preposterous person, then, with neither eye, nor ear, nor hand, nor understanding, had the absurd ambition to succeed. This you will hardly believe. But he did. And, what is more, he had no patience, but wanted to succeed all at once. I am told that lots of young men, nowadays, are consumed with that yearning to succeed all at once. It seems such a pity, when they should be happily dancing and singing and playing at the time when they were not working. I think they would succeed so very much better afterwards. Well, this person very soon found that in the law—did I say he was a barrister?—he had no chance of success except after long years. Then he looked round the fields of art and literature. Mind, he could neither write nor practise any art. What was he to do?"

Every day the ambition to seem great filled his soul more and more, and every day the thing appeared to him more hopeless: because, you see, he had no imagination, and therefore could not send his soul to sleep with illusions. I wonder he did not go mad. Perhaps he did, for he resolved to pretend. First, he thought he would pretend to be a painter"—here Roland, who had been listening languidly, started, and became attentive. "He could neither paint nor draw, remember. He began, I think, by learning the language of Art. He frequented studios, heard the talk and read the books. It must have been weary work for him. But, of course, he was no nearer his object than before; and then a great chance came to him. He found a young artist full of promise—a real artist—one filled with the whole spirit of Art: but he was starving. He was actually penniless, and he had no friends who could help him, because he was an Australian by birth. This young man was not only penniless, but in despair. He was ready to do anything. I suppose, when one is actually starving and sees no prospect of success or any hope, ambition dies away and even self-respect may seem a foolish thing." Roland listened now, his picture forgotten. What was Armorel intending? "It must be a most dreadful kind of temptation. There can be nothing like it in the world. That is why we pray for our daily bread. Oh! a terrible temptation. I never understood before how great and terrible a temptation it is. Then the man without eye, or hand, or brain saw a chance for himself. He would profit by his brother's weakness. He proposed to buy the work of this painter and to call it his own."

"Armorel, must you tell this story?"

"Patience, Roland. In his despair the artist gave way. He consented. For three years and more he received the wages of—of sin. But his food was like ashes in his mouth, and his front was stamped—yes, stamped—by the curse of those who sin against their own soul."

"Armorel!"—But she went on, ruthless.

"The pictures were very good: they were exhibited, praised, and sold. And the man grew quickly in reputation. But he wasn't satisfied. He thought that as it was so easy to be a painter, it would be equally easy to become a poet. All the Arts are allied: many painters have been also poets. He had never written a single line of poetry. I do not know that he had ever read any. He found a girl who was struggling, working, and hoping." Effie started and turned roseate red. "He took her poems—bought them—and, on the pretence of having improved them and so made them his own, he published them in his own name. They were pretty, bright verses, and presently people began to look for them and to like them. So he got a double reputation. But the poor girl remained unknown. At first she was so pleased at seeing her verses in print—it looked so much like success—that she hardly minded seeing his name at the end. But presently he brought out a little volume of them with his name on the titlepage, and then a second volume—also with his name!"

"The scoundrel!" cried Roland. "He cribbed his poetry too?"

Effie bowed her face, ashamed.

"And then the girl grew unhappy. For she perceived that she was in a bondage from which there was no escape except by sacrificing the money which he gave her, and that was necessary for her brother's sake. So she became very unhappy."

"Very unhappy," echoed Effie. Both painter and poet stood confused and ashamed.

"Then this clever man—the cleverest man in London—began to go about in society a good deal, because he was so great a genius. There he met a lady who was full of stories."

"Oh!" said Roland. "Is there nothing in him at all?"

"Nothing at all. There is really nothing at all. This man persuaded the lady to write down these stories, which were all based on old family scandals and episodes unknown or forgotten by the world. They form a most charming series of stories. I believe they are written in a most sparkling style—full of wit and life. Well, he did not put his name to them, but he allows the whole world to believe that they were his own."

"Good Heavens!" cried Roland.

"And still he was not satisfied. He found a young dramatist who had written a most charming play. He tried to persuade the poor lad that his play was worthless, and he offered to take it himself, alter it—but there needed no alteration—and convert it into a play that could be acted. He would give fifty pounds for the play, but it was to be his own."

"Yes," said Effie, savagely. "He made that offer, but he will not get the play."

"You have heard, now, what manner of man he was. Very well. I tell you two the story because I want to consult you. The other day I arranged a little play of my own. That is, I invited people to hear the reciting of that drama: I invited the pretender himself among the rest, but he did not know or guess what the play was going to be. And at the same time I invited the painter and the poet. The former brought his unfinished picture—the latter brought her latest poem, which the pretender was going that very week to bring out in his own name. I had set it to music, and I sang it. I meant that he should learn in this way, without being told, that everything was discovered. I watched his face during the recital of the play, and I saw the dismay of the discovery creeping gradually over him as he realised that he had lost his painter, his poet, and his dramatist. There remained nothing more but to discover the author of the stories—and that, too, I have found out. And I think he will lose his story-teller as well. He will be deprived of all his borrowed plumes. At one blow, he saw himself ruined."

Neither of the two made answer for a space. Then spoke Roland: "Dux femina facti! A woman hath done this."

"He is ruined unless he can find others to take your places. The question I want you to consider is—What shall be done next? Roland, it is your name and fame that he has stolen—your pictures that he has called his own. Effie, they are your poems that he has published under his name. What will you do? Will you demand your own again? Think."

"He must exhibit no more pictures of mine," said Roland.

"He has one in his studio. That one must not go to any gallery. That is all I have to say."

"He cannot publish any more poems of mine," said Effie, "because he hasn't got any, and I shall give him no more."

"What about the past?"

"Are we so proud of the past and of the part we have played in it?" asked Roland—"that we should desire its story published to all the world?"

Effie shook her head, approvingly.

"As for me," he continued, "I wish never to hear of it again. It makes me sick and ashamed even to think of it. Let it be forgotten. I was an unknown artist—I had few friends—I had exhibited one picture only—so that my work was unknown—I had painted for him six or seven pictures which are mostly bought by an American. As for the resemblance of style, that may make a few men talk for a season. Then it will be forgotten. I shall remain—he will have disappeared. I am content to take my chance with future work, even if at first I may appear to be a mere copyist of Mr. Alec Feilding."

"And you, Effie?"

"I agree with Mr. Lee," she replied briefly. "Let the past alone. I shall write more verses, and, perhaps, better verses."

"Then I will go to him and tell him that he need fear nothing. We shall hold our tongues. But he is not to exhibit the picture that is in his studio. I will tell him that."

"You will not actually go to him yourself, Armorel—alone—after what has passed?" asked Effie.

"Why not? He can do me no harm. He knows that he has been found out, and he is tormented by the fear of what we shall do next. I bring him relief. His reputation is secure—that is to say, it will be the reputation of a man who stopped at thirty, in the fulness of his first promise and his best powers, and did no more work."

"Oh!" cried Effie. "I thought he was so clever! I thought that his desire to be thought a poet was only a little infirmity of temper, which would pass. And, after all, to think that"—Here the poet looked at the painter, and the painter looked at the poet—but neither spoke the thought: "How could you—you, with your pencil: how could you—you, with your pen—consent to the iniquity of so great a fraud?"

CHAPTER XX.

A RECOVERY, AND A FLIGHT.

Amid all these excitements Armorel became aware that something—something of a painful and disagreeable character, was going on with her companion. They were at this time very little together. Mrs. Elstree took her breakfast in bed, at luncheon she was, just now, nearly always out; at dinner she sat silent, pale, and anxious; in the evening she lay back in her chair as if she was asleep. One night Armorel heard her weeping and sobbing in her room. She knocked at the door with intent to offer her help if she was ill. "No, no," cried Mrs. Elstree; "you need not come in. I have nothing but a headache."

This thing as well disquieted her. She remembered what Lady Frances had suggested—it is always the suggestion rather than the bare fact which sticks and pricks like a thorn, and will not come out or suffer itself to be removed. Armorel thought nothing of the allegation concerning the stage—why should not a girl go upon the stage if she wished? The suggestion which pricked was that Mrs. Elstree had been sent to her by the man whom she now knew to be fraudulent through and through, in order to carry out some underhand and secret design. There is nothing more horrid than the suspicion that the people about one are treacherous. It reduces one to the condition of primitive man, for whom every grassy glade concealed a snake and every bush a wild beast. She tried to shake off the suspicion, yet a hundred things confirmed it. Her constant praise of this child of genius, his persistence in meeting them wherever they went, the attempt to make her find money for his schemes. The girl, thus irritated, began to have uneasy dreams; she was as one caught in the meshes; she was lured into a garden whence there was no escape; she was hunted by a cunning and relentless creature; she was in a prison, and could not get out. Always in her dreams Zoe stood on one side of her, crying, "Oh, the great and glorious creature!—oh, the cleverness of the man!—oh, the wonder and the marvel of him!" And on the other side stood Lady Frances, saying, "Why don't you take him? He is a liar, it is true, but he is no worse than his neighbours—all men are liars! You can't get a man made on purpose for you. What is your business in life at all but to find a husband? Why are girls in Society at all except to catch husbands? And they are scarce, I assure you. Why don't you take the man? You will never again have such a chance—a rising man—a man who can make other people work for him—a clever man. Besides, you are as good as engaged to him: you have made people talk: you have been seen with him everywhere. If you are not engaged to him you ought to be."

It was about a week after the reading of the play when this condition of suspicion and uneasiness was brought to an end in a very unexpected manner.

Mr. Jagenal called at the rooms in the morning about ten o'clock. Mrs. Elstree was taking breakfast in bed, as usual. Armorel was alone, painting.

"My dear young lady," said her kindly adviser, "I would not have disturbed you at this early hour but for a very important matter. You are well and happy. I trust? No, you are not well and happy. You look pale."

"I have been a little worried lately," Armorel replied.

"But never mind now."

"Are you quite alone here? Your companion, Mrs. Elstree?"

"She has not yet left her room. We are quite alone."

"Very well, then." The lawyer sat down and began nursing his right knee. "Very well. You remember, I dare say, making a certain communication to me touching a collection of precious stones in your possession? You made that communication to me five years ago, when first you came from Scilly. You returned to it again when you arrived at your twenty-first birthday, and I handed over to your own keeping all your portable property."

"Of course I remember perfectly well."

"Then does your purpose still hold?"

"It is still, and always, my duty to hand over those rubies to their rightful owner—the heir of Robert Fletcher, as soon as he can be found."

"It is also my duty to warn you again, as I have done already, that there is no reason at all why you should do so. You are the sole heiress of your great-grandmother's estate. She died worth a great sum of money in gold, besides treasures in plate, works of art, lace, and jewels cut and uncut. The rambling story of an aged woman cannot be received as evidence on the strength of which you should hand over valuable property to persons unknown, who do not even claim it, and know nothing about it."

"I must hand over those rubies," Armorel repeated, "to the person to whom they belong."

"It is a very valuable property. If the estimate which was made for me was correct—I see no reason to doubt it—those jewels could be sold, separately or in small parcels, for nearly thirty-five thousand pounds—a fortune larger than all the rest of your property put together—thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"That has nothing to do with the question, has it? I have got to restore those jewels, you see, to their rightful owner, as soon as he can be discovered."

"Well—but—consider again. What have you got to go upon? The story about Robert Fletcher may or may not be true. No one can tell after this lapse of time. The things were found by you lying in the old sea-chest with other things—all your own. Who was this Robert Fletcher? Where are his heirs? If they claim the property, and can prove their claim, give it up at once. If not, keep your own. The jewels are undoubtedly your own as much as the lace and the silks and the silver cups, which were all, I take it, recovered from wrecks."

"Do you disbelieve my great-grandmother's story, then?"

"I have neither to believe nor to disbelieve. I say it isn't

evidence. Your report of what she said, being then in her dotage, amounts to just nothing, considered as evidence."

"I am perfectly certain that the story is true. The leather thong by which the case hung round the man's neck has been cut by a knife, just as my grandmother described it in her story. And there is the writing in the case itself. Nothing will persuade me that the story is anything but true in every particular."

"It may be true. I cannot say. At the same time, the property is your own, and you would be perfectly justified in keeping it."

"Mr. Jagenal"—Armorel turned upon him sharply—"you have found out Robert Fletcher's heir! I am certain you have. That is the reason why you are here this morning."

Mr. Jagenal laid upon the table a pocket-book full of papers.

"I will tell you what I have discovered. That is why I came here. There has been, unfortunately, a good deal of trouble in discovering this Robert Fletcher and in identifying one of the Robert Fletchers we did discover with your man. We discovered, in fact, ten Robert Fletchers before we came to the man who may reasonably be supposed—But you shall see."

He opened the pocket-book, and found a paper of memoranda from which he read his narrative:—

"There was one Robert Fletcher, the eleventh whom we unearthed. This man promised nothing at first. He became a broker in the City in the year 1810. In the same year he married a cousin, daughter of another broker, with whom he entered into partnership. He did so well that when he died, in the year 1846, then aged sixty-nine, his will was proved under £80,000. He left three daughters, among whom the estate was divided, in equal shares. The eldest of the daughters, Eleanor, remained unmarried, and died two years ago, at the age of seventy-seven, leaving the whole of her fortune—greatly increased by accumulations—to hospitals and charities. I believe she was, in early life, alienated from her family, on account of some real or fancied slight. However, she died: and her papers came into the hands of my friends Denham, Mansfield, Westbury, and Co., of New-square, Lincoln's Inn, solicitors. Her second sister, Frances, born in the year 1813, married in 1834: had one son, Francis Alexander, who was born in 1835, and married in 1857. Both Frances and her son are now dead, but one son remained, Frederick Alexander, born in the year 1859. The third daughter, Catharine, born in the year 1815, married in 1835, and emigrated to Australia with her husband, a man named Temple. I have no knowledge of this branch of the family."

"Then," said Armorel, "I suppose the eldest son or grandson of the second sister must have the rubies."

"You are really in a mighty hurry to get rid of your property. The next question—it should have come earlier—is—How do I connect this Robert Fletcher with your Robert Fletcher? How do we know that Robert Fletcher the broker was Robert Fletcher the shipwrecked passenger? Well; Eleanor, the eldest, left a bundle of family papers and letters behind her. Among them is a packet endorsed 'From my son Robert in India.' Those letters, signed Robert Fletcher, are partly dated from Burmah, whither the writer had gone on business. He gives his observations on the manners and customs of the country, then little known or visited. He says that he is doing very well indeed: so well, he says presently, that, thanks to a gift made to him by the King, he is able to think about returning home with the means of staying at home and doing no more work for the end of his natural days."

"Of course he had those jewels."

"Then he writes from Calcutta. He has returned in safety from Burmah and the King, whose capricious temper had made him tremble for his life. He is putting his affairs in order: he has brought his property from Burmah in a portable form which he can best realise in London: lastly, he is going to sail in a few weeks. This is in the year 1808. According to your story it was somewhere about that date that the wreck took place on the Scilly Isles, and he was washed ashore, saved."

"And robbed," said Armorel.

"As we have no evidence of the fact," answered the man of law, "I prefer to say that the real story ends with the last of the letters. It remained, however, to compare the handwriting of the letters with that of the fragment of writing in your leather case. I took the liberty to have a photograph made of that fragment while it was in my possession, and I now ask you to compare the handwriting." He drew out of his pocket-book a letter—one of the good old kind, on large paper, brown with age, and unprovided with any envelope—and the photograph of which he was speaking. "There," he said, "judge for yourself."

"Why!" cried Armorel. "The writing corresponds exactly!"

"It certainly does, letter for letter. Well; the conclusion of the whole matter is that I believe your grandmother's story to be correct in the main. On the other hand, there is nothing in the papers to show the existence in the family of any recollection of so great a loss. One would imagine that a man who had dropped—or thought he had dropped—a bag, full of rubies, worth thirty-five thousand pounds, into the sea would have told his children about it, and bemoaned the loss all his life. Perhaps, however, he was so philosophic as to grieve no more after what was hopelessly gone. He was still in the years of hope when the misfortune befell him. Possibly his children knew in general terms that the shipwreck had caused a destruction of property. Again, a man of the City, with the instincts of the City, would not like it to be known that he had returned to his native country a pauper, while it would help him in his business to be considered somewhat of a Nabob. Of this I cannot speak from any knowledge I have, or from any discovery that I have made."

"Oh!" cried Armorel, "I cannot tell you what a weight has been lifted from me. I have never ceased to long for the restoration of those jewels ever since I found them in the sea-chest."

"There is—as I said—only one descendant of the second sister—a man—a man still young. You will give me your instructions in writing. I am to hand over to this young man—this fortunate young man—already trebly fortunate in another sense—this precious packet of jewels. It is still, I suppose, in the bank."

"It is where you placed it for me when I came of age."

"Very well. I have brought you an order for its delivery to me. Will you sign it?"

Armorel heaved a great sigh. "With what relief!" she said. "Have you got it here?"

Mr. Jagenal gave her the order on the bank for the delivery of sealed packet, numbered III., to himself. She signed it.

"To think," she said, "that by a simple stroke of the pen I can remove the curse of those ill-gotten rubies! It is like getting rid of all your sins at once. It is like Christian dropping his bundle."

"I hope the rubies will not carry on this supposed curse of yours."

"Oh!" cried Armorel, with a profound sigh, "I feel as if the poor old lady was present listening. Since I could understand

anything, I have understood that the possession of those rubies brought disaster upon my people. From generation to generation they have been drowned one after the other—my father—my grandfather—my great-grandfather—my mother—my brothers—all—all drowned. Can you wonder if I rejoice that the things will threaten me no longer?"

"This is sheer superstition."

"Oh! yes: I know, and yet I cannot choose but to believe it, I have heard the story so often, and always with the same ending. Now, they are gone."

"Not quite gone. Nearly. As good as gone, however. Dismiss this superstitious dread from your mind, my dear young lady."

"The rubies are gone. There will be no more of us swallowed up in the cruel sea."

"No more of you," repeated Mr. Jagenal, with the incredulous smile of one who has never had in his family a ghost, or a legend, or a curse, or a doom, or a banshee, or anything at all distinguished. "And now you will be happy. You don't ask me the name of the fortunate young man."

"No, I do not want to know anything more about the horrid things."

"What am I to say to him?"

"Tell him the truth."

"I shall tell him that you discovered the rubies in an old sea-chest with other property accumulated during a great many years: that a scrap of paper with writing on it gave a clue to the owner: and that, by means of other investigation, he has been discovered: that it was next to impossible for your great-grandfather, Captain Rosevean, to have purchased these jewels: and that the presumption is that he recovered them from the wreck, and laid them in the chest, saying nothing, and that the chest was never opened until your succession to the property. That, my dear young lady, is all the story that I have to tell. And now I will go away, with congratulations to Donna Quixote in getting rid of thirty-five thousand pounds."

An hour or two afterwards, Mrs. Elstree appeared. She glided into the room and threw herself into her chair, as if she desired to sleep again. She looked harassed and anxious.

"Zoe," cried Armored, "you are surely ill. What is it? Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing. I only wish it was all over, or that I could go to sleep for fifty years, and wake up an old woman—in an almshouse or somewhere—all the troubles over. What a beautiful thing it must be to be old and past work, with fifteen shillings a week, say, and nothing to think about all day except to try and forget the black box! If it wasn't for the black box—I know I should see them always coming along the road with it—it must be the loveliest time."

"Well—but—what makes you look so ill?"

"Nothing. I am not ill. I am never ill. I would rather be ill than—what I am. A tearing, rending neuralgia would be a welcome change. Don't ask me any more questions, Armored. You look radiant, for your part. Has anything happened to you?—anything good? You are one of those happy girls to whom only good things come."

"Do you remember the story I told you—about the rubies?"

"Yes." She turned her face to the fire. "I remember very well."

"I have at last—congratulate me, Zoe—I have got rid of them."

"You have got rid of them?" Mrs. Elstree started up. "Where are they, then?"

"Mr. Jagenal has been here. He has found a great-grandson of Robert Fletcher, who is entitled to have them. I have never been so relieved! The dreadful things are out of my hands now, and in Mr. Jagenal's. He will give them to this grandson. Zoe, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Elstree rose to her feet and stood facing Armored, with eyes in which wild terror was the only passion visible, and white cheeks. And, as Armored was still speaking, she staggered, reeled, and fell forwards in a faint. Armored caught her and bore her to the sofa, when she presently came to herself again. But the fainting fit was followed by hysterical weeping and laughing. She knew not what she said. She raved about somebody who had bought something. Armored paid no heed to what she said. She lamented the hour of her birth: she had been pursued by evil all her life: she lamented the hour when she met a certain man unnamed who had dragged her down to his own level: and so on.

When she had calmed a little, Armored persuaded her to lie down. It is a woman's chief medicine. It is better than all the drugs in the museum of the College of Physicians. Mrs. Elstree, pale and trembling, tearful and agitated, lay down. Armored covered her with a warm wrapper, and left her.

A little while afterwards she looked in. The patient was quite calm now, apparently asleep, and breathing gently. Armored, satisfied with the result of her medicine, left her in charge of her maid, and went out for an hour. She went out, in fact, to tell Effie Wilmot the joyful news concerning those abominable rubies. When she came back, in time for luncheon, she was met by her maid, who gave her a letter, and told her a strange thing. Mrs. Elstree had gone away! The sick woman, who had been raving in hysterics, hardly able to support herself to her bed, had got up the moment after Armored left the house, packed all her boxes hurriedly, sent her for a cab, and had driven away. But she had left this note for Armored. It was brief.

"I am obliged to go away unexpectedly. In order to avoid explanations and questions and farewells, I have thought it best to go away quietly. I could not choose but go. For certain reasons I must leave you. For the same reasons I hope that we may never meet again. I ought never to have come here. Forgive me and forget me. I will write to Mr. Jagenal to-day. "Zoe."

There was no reason given. She had gone. Nor, if one may anticipate, has Armored yet discovered the reasons for this sudden flight. Nor, as you will presently discover, will Armored ever be able to discover those reasons.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

Pre-eminent among the portraits in the *salle d'honneur*, as Gallery III. may well be termed, is Mr. L. Fildes's brilliant and solid rendering of Mrs. Thomas Agnew (313), to which reference has already been made. It has for its pendant an almost equally vigorous work by Professor Herkomer—and probably his best work of the year—a half-length portrait of Major E. R. Burke (318), in whom the artist has found an admirable subject for his skill. There is not so much dash, perhaps, about the treatment of the face as in some of Mr. Herkomer's work, but the tones are more evenly preserved, and a sense of strength and dignity is thereby obtained. The ladies, however, with one or two exceptions, have it all their own way in this gallery. Especially noteworthy are Mr. Llewellyn's graceful portrait of Miss Hyacinthe Scott-Kerr (251), a figure of much quiet dignity which hangs as a companion to Mr. W. T. Dannat's bold "Study in Red" (237), a brilliant and original work, much influenced by modern French art. It is the full-length figure of a lady, seen in quarter-face—holding in one hand a silver mirror in which she is examining herself, while the other, passed beneath the thin gauze of her scarf, is arranging the folds of her dress. Everything in the room—walls, vase, and flowers, as well as the lady's costume—is red; but the cleverness with which the shades and tones are managed marks the work as one of unusual skill. Mr. Goodall's portrait of Mrs. Frederick Goodall (296) and Mr. Frith's of Mrs. Gerald Parnell (236) both contain excellent work; but Mr. P. R. Morris's mauve lady, to whom he accords the title of "La Belle Américaine" (292), leads us to suppose that the title "is meant sarcastic."

The President's study of the "Tragic Poetess" (310) seated among the rocks pleases us more than his "Bath of Psyche" (243), already referred to. It seems to us to be painted with more strength as well as in better colour, and it has the merit of at least suggesting more poetic thought. Mr. Alma-Tadema is, as usual, unapproachable in his rendering of the decorations of a Roman bath; but the charm of the "Frigidarium" (334) is the attitude of the figures introduced into the scene. Mr. J. B. Burgess, however, touches a more human side of our nature with his two very distinct works "The Sculptor" (270) and the bit of Spanish life "Freedom of the Press" (337), three old priests reading the newspaper, which he offers, with good taste, as his Diploma work. Mr. Laurence Scott's "Ishmael" (256), as he lies almost at the last gasp under the blazing sun in the midst of the sandy desert, is perhaps the most distinctive work by an outsider in this particular branch.

Landscapes and seapieces are pretty numerous, but very little originality is displayed in either element. Mr. J. C. Hook's "Jib for the New Smack" (249) is chiefly remarkable for the painting of the headland in the distance, but it is not so good a picture on the whole as "Breakfasts for the Porth" (317); Mr. Henry Moore's "Channel Islands" (257), a somewhat vague title, is a familiar treatment of blue sea; Mr. M'Whirter's "Loch Katrine" (271) and "Old Sherwood" (279), the former an autumn and the latter a winter study, are both below the average of his work; while Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Morning in October" (290), with incidents of the hunting-field and the bounds in full cry, is chiefly interesting as a new departure for this octogenarian artist. Mr. Frank Brangwyn has two spirited studies of tugs or pilot-boats—"Outward Bound" (241) and "Stand By" (248)—in both of which the sea is very grey, and there is abundant promise of dirty weather. Mr. H. W. Davis's "Picardy Dunes" (242), with their long-legged sheep, is a pleasant change from his Scotch "Kylies," and is, moreover, firmly painted with a true sense of atmosphere; and Miss M. Drage's "Pontine Marshes" (326), while showing the influence of Signor Costa's style, is an interesting work.

Before quitting this room we should also mention Mr. Cland Calthrop's "Old Head and Young Heart" (300) and his excellent group of portraits (269); Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Birth of a Titan" (265), a study in a shipbuilding yard; Mr. Henry Woods's "La Promessa Sposa" (278); Mr. Pettie's "The world went very well then" (302), when two girls could find enjoyment of the attentions of one cavalier; and Mr. Marcus Stone's "Garden Flowers" (328), a very inadequate representation of the painter's powers.

Gallery IV. contains, perhaps, the two most disappointing works in the whole exhibition—Sir J. E. Millais's rendering of "Mr. Gladstone and his Grandson" (361) and Mr. J. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady" (421). Of the former it is enough to say that it is feeble in drawing and colour, and utterly unworthy of both the sitter and the artist. Of the latter—a graceless figure in a hideous mauve dress—we can only hope that its acceptance by the Council is not intended to try the endurance of the public or to destroy the popularity which Mr. Sargent honestly earned by some of his earlier works. One turns from both of these, with a sense of relief, to such careful and serious works as Mr. Luke Fildes's portrait of Mrs. Robert Borwick (395), in a handsome black dress, and Mr. C. A. Kennedy's portrait of Mrs. J. Denison Pender (397), and to the still more attractive and original pose of Mrs. Albert Sassoon (411) as depicted by Prof. Herkomer—a charming figure, with the head well set on her shoulders, standing erect in a doorway and slightly resting on the back of a chair. Mr. Jacob Hood has found an excellent subject in Miss Shaw-Lefevre (436), a fine and thoughtful face, though not altogether without traces of suffering; and Miss Alice Grant contributes a very taking and *spiritual* portrait of Miss Emily Grant (419), in a white dress. Mr. Orchardson has given a good deal of breadth and dignity to Mr. J. C. Stevenson's face (367), and Mr. Goodall shows in the portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore (356) the outward presentment of an undoubted centenarian. We like the artist, however, better in his view from the terrace of Windsor Castle (366), overlooking the windings of the Thames, although he seems to have reduced the town of Windsor to somewhat meagre proportions. But the beauties of the scene, as well as the powers of the artist, are dwarfed by Mr. Colin Hunter's "Hills of Morven" (384), which we consider by far the best Scotch landscape of the year. Mr. Boughton's "Puritans' First Winter in New England" (396) pleasantly recalls "the idyls" by which he won his place among English artists; and the figures of the old woman and her young companion or daughter in the foreground are quite up to the level of his best work. Miss Anna Gayton's "Green Field Sleeping in the Sun" (401) and Mr. Stirling Dyce's "End of the Year" (438), although the latter is very French, are praiseworthy works, and hold their own against those of better-known artists. But the gem of the room is Mr. G. F. Watts's "Patient Life of Unrewarded Toil" (437), an old, broken-down cart-horse, to whom the rest he has so well deserved seems as far off as ever. There is something almost human in the pleading eyes and bent knees of the poor dumb animal; and the picture should become "sign" of that excellent society which has recently been established to provide a haven of rest for worn-out horses.

Gallery V. contains, in addition to the excellent portrait by Mr. J. H. Lorimer of his father, Professor Lorimer (471), to

which reference was made in our preliminary notice, a few works which call for special remark. We have already referred to the strength of Mr. Fildes in portraiture this year, and it is unnecessary to do more than catalogue a further success in his portrait of a lady (467) in a black silk dress and profusion of white lace. Mr. Herkomer, too, is again most happy in his treatment of the very striking face of Miss Vlasto (502), a seated figure in a yellowish grey dress, and especially admirable for the masterly flesh tints of the face and arms. Mr. Albert Moore's decorative work, "A Summer Night" (487), is a remarkable "arrangement" of four girls on a terrace overlooking a grey sea, towards an indistinguishable town or villa, of which the lights alone are seen. It is in reality a "harmony" in yellow after Mr. Albert Moore's method, and made up of classical maidens in elegant attitudes on yellow couches, and swathed in cream-coloured garments. The whole scene is very beautiful, and, at the same time, very unreal; but the weak point of this charming panel is the monotony of the flesh-colour throughout. Mr. Henry Moore's study, "In the Marshes, Yarmouth" (501), on the other hand, is somewhat different from his usual style, of which there are several specimens in the Exhibition. It represents a neglected but really very beautiful spot in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Moore has chanced upon a day on which the soft suffused light harmonises the low tones of the landscape with good effect. Two pictures which carried off the highest honours in their respective classes at the Royal Academy students' competition are also hung in this room—Mr. Draper's "Episode of the Deluge" (499), which obtained for him the gold medal and Travelling Scholarship of the year; and Miss Ursula Wood's "Morning" (515), a charming treatment of a barn-roof just touched by the morning sun, round which the pigeons are hovering—a picture which fairly earned the Turner medal. Mr. Leader has a characteristic landscape, "Where Sea and River Meet" (458), painted with more felicity than usual, but rather too yellow in tone throughout. Mr. John Brett's chromatic experiment, the "Echoes of a Far-Off Storm" (472), is poor in colour, and too suggestive of shore scenes already painted by him. Mr. Charles Seton's "A Doubtful 'Strad'" (512) affords him the opportunity of painting some nice furniture and well-dressed last-century gentlemen, but does not give him that of repeating his last year's success. Mr. Alfred Hitchens's "Shadow of a Vow" (516) is, unfortunately, placed at too great a height to enable one properly to appreciate the quiet dignity of the Vestal in white, engaged in keeping up the sacred fire. Mr. James Sant's "Oliver Twist" (507) is a pleasant surprise from an artist who has hitherto seemed to care for nothing but silks and satins; and his study of Oliver tramping to London along the snow-beaten road is an honest bit of sentiment which we hope to see applied on future occasions.

Gallery VI., besides Mr. John Collier's "Death of Cleopatra" (551), already described, has little to arrest our attention. Mr. John M. Swan's "Lioness Defending her Cubs" (614), although very dark, allows one to appreciate the strength of the drawing and the admirable texture of the animals. In his "Piping Fisherboy" (465) we have proof, however, that Mr. Swan's strength lies less in episodes of peace than of war; but his drawing is always free, although his colour is at times sombre. Mr. Joseph Mordecai's "Serenade" (600), a youth playing the mandolin, is excellent in colour and easy in attitude, and Mr. William's Rainey's "Flowing Tide" (523), to which Lord Salisbury made happy allusion at the banquet, is a cleverly painted row of boys dangling their legs over the pierhead awaiting the rise of the water. Mr. J. Aumonier's "Silver Lining of the Cloud" (524) is a very finely painted landscape, apparently Sussex, with the sea in the distance enveloped in haze; and Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "My Heart's in the Highlands" (562) proves that at all events it is in the right place, for one can scarcely imagine a more pleasant resting-place than on the slopes of the Dee, looking away to the purple mountains whence flows the silver stream.

We should also mention in this room Mr. Fred Cotman's "Meeting of the Stour and Avon" (644), a West-country pastoral; Miss Bedford's "Meizje of Marken" (615), a typical glimpse of life on the shores of the Zuyder Zee; and Mr. Frank Walton's "History of Many a Winter Storm" (539), an uprooted yew-tree, standing out black and gaunt against a finely painted scene of peace and prosperity.

A ball was given at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, on May 14, for the benefit of the Italian Benevolent Society, the Italian Hospital, and the Italian School.

The Duke of Edinburgh has consented to open the London Philatelic Exhibition in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of postage stamps. The exhibition will be held at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, W., and will remain open from May 19 to May 26 inclusive.

Lord Harrowby presided at the eighty-sixth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held in Exeter Hall. He said the year had been a very encouraging one for the society. The subscriptions had gone on steadily increasing, and portions of the Scriptures had been recently translated into Corean and the language of the Black Feet Indians. The report stated that the total income of the society had amounted to £212,077, the expenditure having been £227,566. Resolutions were passed in support of the objects of the society.

The fifth anniversary of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit was celebrated on May 7 with a dinner given by Mr. Ex-Sheriff Thomas Clarke at the buildings, and the opening of the new extension by Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P. The accommodation added to the existing 5750 safes consists of 250 new strong-rooms, intended for deed-boxes, and two additional large strongholds for deposits, covering an area of 20,000 ft., designed principally to meet the requirements of solicitors and trustees who have the responsibility of valuable deeds and other documents. The long avenues of strong-rooms present a very unique appearance, being built into the very bowels of the earth under the main buildings. They vary in size, and are of great solidity; they are fitted with the electric light, and were arranged under the superintendence of the well-known firm of "Milner, Limited." An interesting portion of the contents of these strong-rooms is a valuable collection of antiquities and coins, the result of excavations at Tharros, in Sardinia, these being principally of the Egyptian and Phœnician epoch, 600 years B.C. Another massive apartment preserves in safety the collection of Shakspearean manuscripts collected by the late Mr. Halliwell Phillips. It is evident that the public are learning to appreciate the security afforded by this magnificent place of safe deposit, and during last year the number of renters increased forty per cent. Speakers on the recent occasion remarked that the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit had more than fulfilled all expectations. Besides the advantages to individuals, the benefits were often of a public and official character: the burglar's occupation was taken away, but there was a moral obligation lying on those who possessed valuable and portable property not to leave it within the reach of persons who might be tempted to steal it, whether domestic servants or young clerks.

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SKETCHES FROM
THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.



"COFFEE ON THE TERRACE."

PICTURE BY DUEZ, IN THE NEW SALON, PARIS.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

In the North Room several portraits, in addition to those already mentioned, claim our attention. Foremost among the ladies is the Study (141) in yellow, by the Hon. John Collier, representing a fair-haired girl fast asleep in a Japanese lounging-chair. The pose of the figure is excellent, and the arm hanging down is capitally modelled; while the low tone preserved throughout gives a sense of repose and truth to the study. In strong contrast is Mr. Val Prinsep's "Study in Red" (145) of a somewhat illtempered-looking lady in a satin dress—of which she is painfully conscious—a work of little interest, although exhibiting a certain vigour of style. Mrs. Alexander Whitelaw (99), as painted by Mr. J. J. Shannon, is a graceful figure, notwithstanding the fact that both she and the chair on which she is seated are curiously askew; and the completeness of the portrait is spoilt by the careless drawing of the left arm, which is sadly defective in modelling. But in this respect it is fairly beaten out of the field by Mr. H. G. Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. Buxton-Buckley (94), to whom he has given the limbs and features of an inanimate wooden doll. Nor can we find much to admire in Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of the Duchess of Manchester (247), in an affected attitude, overborne by her clothes, and worthy of a place in a "Book of Beauty" perhaps, but not in the New Gallery. Whether Mr. Albert Moore's "Young Girl" (101) be a portrait or an ideal type, it is certainly a most beautiful face, upon which the artist has bestowed the resources of a sympathetic art, while treating it at the same time with the utmost simplicity. Mr. Albert Moore has on more than one occasion displayed his talent as a painter of men's portraits, but he has rarely entered into rivalry with the "portraitists in ordinary" of ladies of fashion. His present achievement should be a warning to many that they have a dangerous competitor for future favours. We must, however, on no account omit a reference to Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Miss Cooper (227), in the South Room—the least aspiring, perhaps, of all his works, but by no means the least successful; for the simple grace of the young girl in her white dress, and the touch of almost childlike complacency, are well translated. Miss Phillott's portrait of Miss Sellers (156) is also noteworthy as that of a very beautiful and expressive face.

Among the portraits of children, Mr. E. R. Hughes's "Queenie and Mabel" (130) deserve the first place, for in them the childlike type is preserved undisturbed by modern forwardness; and Mrs. Kate Perugini may also be congratulated upon her little maiden, "Happy and Careless" (125), carrying a bowl brimming over with azaleas. These, however, are the only pleasant studies of children, for Mrs. Swynnerton's "Christopher and Geoffrey Herringham" (192), although painted with considerable force and cleverness, cannot be regarded as attractive. On the other hand, among the men's portraits, there are many on which we could gladly linger, did space permit. Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of the Bishop of Bath and Wells (107), although too much smoothed out, conveys the idea of a kindly as well as of a stately old man; while the work most capable of holding its own in such company is Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Dr. Sedgwick (122) in a plain black coat—a very striking figure, with a face full of character and will. It is, perhaps, unfortunate for Sir William Hardman (116), as depicted by Mr. Arthur Clay, that the two works should be brought into such close proximity. But Mr. John Collier's vigorous portrait of Mr. John Burns (213), the well-known democratic leader, throws all these smug and respectable figures into the background. It is the living presentment of an aggressive, hard-headed man, pugnacious and persistent, whose keen, bull-dog face suggests before all things a man "bad to beat."

Among the figure subjects there are few pictures of remarkable merit, and, happily, fewer still of remarkable demerit, although this is the line in which our younger painters display the greatest weakness. A good figure picture requires a more vivid imagination than most of them can boast, and the effort to make up for the lack of that quality by increased dexterity is not very satisfactory. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Psyche" (89), for instance, is only one more of the attempts of the neo-classic school to repeat an idea which has been similarly translated a hundred times before; and much the same verdict is applicable to Mr. W. S. F. Britten's "Thisbe" (138), while Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Toilet" (136) is a painfully artificial composition—which is wanting even in technical power. Mrs. Alma-Tadema is more successful in her studies of homelife—"Self-invited" (118) and "Battledore and Shuttlecock" (148), in which latter especially she has caught the movement of the two figures with considerable truth, and has all the same given only necessary prominence to the marble hall in which the family game is being played. Mr. Van Haanen's "La Sagra" (154), a popular Venetian feast, represents the outside of a wine-shop decorated with flowers and ribbons—a bright, showy picture, but vulgar in its conception and treatment. Mr. C. N. Kennedy, however, may fairly be credited with originality as well as power in his treatment of "Perseus" (162), for this is, perhaps, the first occasion on which Andromeda has been represented as reclining on a rock almost on a level with her champion's head. Perseus, who has hastened to her rescue, has not thought it worth while to bring his sword, but relies wholly on the Medusa's head, before which the monster is gradually turning into the rocks upon which the tideless sea will evermore beat. The idea is a poetic one, and Mr. Kennedy has treated it skilfully and with feeling. Miss Dorothy Tennant's "Street Arabs at Play" (170), a study on the Thames Embankment, and of larger dimensions than her usual work; Miss Anna Alma-Tadema's "Longing" (187), the back of a girl looking through the window over a cleverly painted landscape; Mr. Fairfax Murray's curious "Music Party" (252), a long array of fourteen faces, very much of the same type; Mr. Frank Topham's "Consultation" (200) and Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Perfect Bliss" (236), a pretty but inane arrangement of mother and child, about exhaust the list of subject-pictures which need arrest attention.

We must now turn to the landscapes, of which there are several on which the mark of the new school is strongly impressed. Mr. W. Padgett's work improves steadily, and happily his imaginative power does not flag. There are few more striking scenes than that of "On the Marshes" (95), a single figure of a woman in a white capote tending sheep. The grey sky above, the long stretch of rough grass below, all speak of loneliness, and link with the scene the story of which she is the humble heroine. Mr. Arthur Tomson is another landscape painter who is rapidly coming into notice, and, although his "Evening of an Autumn Day" (106) is not distinguished by any originality of thought, it shows a delicate appreciation of nature. Mr. Robert W. Allan is more successful in his oil-picture "Homewards" (96) than he showed himself in water colours, and he here depicts with vigour the dark clouds gathering in the evening sky as the flock hurries homeward to escape the storm. Mr. Napier Hemy's "Silent Adieu" (103) represents the garden of an inn on the Cornish coast, where the sea runs up in sheltered coves. It is a pleasantly composed picture, but the flowers in the foreground, which are subordinate to the subject, are painted with far more care than the ship

just beating out to sea. Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Winter in Brabant" (113) affords him a fine opportunity of displaying his accurate knowledge of the costume of a wealthy Dutch burgher family of the seventeenth century. It is somewhat cold in colour, but bears witness to much careful work and real knowledge. In the place of honour is Sir John Millais's "Dew Drenched Furze" (119), one of the most remarkable achievements of a painter who has had so many surprises in store for his admirers. No one will, perhaps, be likely to detract from the credit due to the artist for the skill with which he has caught the peculiar grey tint of furze on a damp morning in the late autumn; and our wonder is all the greater when we see by how slight a touch, or sleight-of-hand, the effect is produced. But here our admiration ceases; for the landscape is no transcript of nature, but a mere stage property, built up with absolute regularity, one side of the picture being a reproduction of the other, and in the centre a very poor specimen of a stuffed pheasant! It is deeply to be regretted if physical infirmity be the cause of this falling away of the artist of "Chill October" and "Over the Hills" and a score of other masterpieces which will make English art of this century famous in ages to come. Mr. Cecil Round might have found a more appropriate motto for his spring landscape (127), with its mass of wild hyacinths, in Tennyson's line—

The heavens upheaving through the earth;

but the picture is a good one, and shows a fine sense of colour. Mr. Edward Waite's "Autumn" (129)—

When russet leaves obstruct the straggling ways of oozy brooks—is, unfortunately, marred by the fact that at that period of the year the grass does not retain its spring tints. Mr. Cadogan has avoided this error in his clever treatment of the "Chestnut Woods of Knole Park" (135); and, strangely enough, Mr. Waite himself, in his other picture of "River Banks in July" (184), shows himself a perfectly accurate observer of nature.

In Mr. H. La Thangue's very strongly painted "Leaving Home" (132), although the landscape plays a subordinate part, it serves as an admirable setting to the figures. The old grey horse in the cart which is taking the daughter away is forcibly drawn, and so are the figures of the family assembled at the cottage gate to bid the girl—evidently going out to service—farewell. This is quite one of the most notable pictures in the room, and shows great power and grasp of the subject. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand Mr. Sargent's "Ightham Moat" (188), in which the picturesque old Tudor house is thrown into the background, and prominence given to a smudgily painted lawn on which some ladies are playing bowls. It has neither colour nor transparency to recommend it, nor can we see anything artistic in its composition. One turns with relief to such delicate renderings of familiar scenes as Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Windsor Castle" (92), as seen in the gathering twilight, or his even more romantic "Holy Island Castle" (174), one of his best-conceived subjects, and not over-subtle in its treatment of atmosphere. We should also mention Mr. Ernest Parton's "When Daylight Dies" (149), Mr. E. Hayes's "Hard-a-Port" (151), Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Spring Time" (157), a group of lightly clad figures in a flower-bestrewn meadow; Miss Clara Montalba's "Greek Canal" (161), very rich in colour; Mr. Arthur Ryle's pretty conception of "Dewy Morn" (165); Mr. Mark Fisher's "Water Meadows in April" (190); and Mr. J. Charles's "Selsey Bill" (226), a very unpretentious but thoroughly honest work. Mr. J. W. North's "Path through the Haunted Copse" (234) and Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Fugitive" (231) have many excellent points, and the mounted figure in the latter is full of movement and terror. Mr. David Carr, as usual, is strong in his rendering of the broad blaze of sunlight, and his "Story of the Cross" (255), although a little artificial in design, gives him the opportunity of showing his acquaintance with the fisherfolk of the south-west country, and his appreciation of its beautiful coast scenery.

In the balcony, among a number of water-colours, are to be seen the drawings made by Mr. Burne-Jones for the "Briar Rose" and other works; while among the sculpture Mr. Henry Bates's "Story of Psyche" is the most important and characteristic work.

"COFFEE ON THE TERRACE."

Ernest Ange Duez, the artist to whom we owe the original of the Engraving on the previous page, stands in the first rank of the "open airists" who combine with it *genre* subjects. His career has been a curious one, for he was already beyond the "age of folly" when he first took to art. He started in life as a silk-mercantile—and it is said stuck steadily to business until he had reached his seven-and-twentieth year. *Alors la bête le piqua*, and he broke suddenly away from the counting-house, and placed himself under the guidance, first of Pils, the historical painter, and subsequently of Carolus Duran, the portraitist. From the latter he learnt a brilliant touch, and the appreciation of beauty in women; but he was not long before he felt the restriction of Duran's too academic art. Manet, the Impressionist, was just then moving the imagination of young French artists, and Duez, although no longer young, caught the contagion, and, strangely enough, it was Manet's influence upon him that commended his work to a public which cared little for his master's work. His first success was obtained in 1873 by a picture entitled "The Honey-moon," of which we might fairly assume "Coffee on the Terrace" to be the natural sequence. The honey-moon stage has long since passed away, but something better and more lasting has taken its place. The couple are still united—at their little table in the garden after the morning breakfast—two children add brightness to the scene, while in her easy-couch, protected against wind and sun, "Granny" is listening to the prattle of one who recalls her own early days and the childhood of the son who is now enjoying the happiness of domestic life.

Duez's work at the Luxembourg, "The Legend of St. Cuthbert," is a curious application of realism to religious art; and, although its quaintness may in some respects startle the spectator, the thoroughness of the composition and the richness of the colour cannot fail to be recognised. It is said of this picture that every one of the figures was painted in the open air, so convinced was the artist that in no other way could a truthful rendering of the scene be realised. He has followed Meissonier and the Separatists to the Champ de Mars, and this picture may be taken as evidence that all the best pictures of the year will not be found in the Palais de l'Industrie, the "home" of the "Salon" for the last twenty years.

The marriage of Mr. Colin F. Campbell, eldest son of Mr. George W. Campbell, of Queen's-gate-gardens, with Angela, second daughter of the Hon. Henry Dudley Ryder, took place on May 9 at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. Mr. Charles Campbell, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Misses Margaret, Constance, and Audrey Ryder, sisters, and the Hon. Rachel Scott Montagu, cousin of the bride, the Misses Mabel and Florence Campbell, sisters, and Miss Caroline Campbell, cousin, of the bridegroom, and the Hon. Marian Brodrick. The Hon. H. D. Ryder gave his daughter away.

MAY MORNING ON MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.

May Day! What a world of poetical association clings about the name! What a peg for the hanging of leading articles is the disillusionment which it so generally brings with it! But this is a quite exceptional year, resembling, indeed, so far every year that has run its course since leading articles were invented; and the first of the merry month of May dawned at Oxford as in the days of romance. A faint flush of pink over a pure grey-blue expanse ended a night which had throughout scarce been perfectly dark; for, before the yellow radiance of the moon had quite faded, a glimmer from the yet invisible sun was overspreading the heavens. There was a chill in the air as, before the sun had risen, we were on our way to Magdalen Tower; but, although it was not yet quite half past four, the streets were by no means deserted, and all about the foot of the tower was a throng of people who, unable to obtain tickets of admission, were content to wait long and patiently for what they should presently see and hear of the ceremony to take place aloft. The stillness of the morning air was broken by the notes of long tin horns, pitched in discordant keys, with which the most part of the younger male population seemed to have provided itself. The sounds followed us as we passed through the front "quad," and added to the long *queue* that slowly—very slowly—was working its way up the winding stair towards the summit. Relics ancient and modern, pathetic and commonplace, and in so far typical of Oxford itself, are strewn by the way. We had time for observing them, for, although the height of the tower is but a poor 150 ft., a quarter of an hour, or perhaps twenty minutes, is spent in such slow ascent. A huge meat-safe (or such it appears) is suspended from a crane, and near it are loyal devices, for fireworks, of "V.R." and Prince of Wales's feathers. Higher up are piled heaps of rough, almost formless stones, that resolve themselves into chipped saints, mutilated gargoyles of frightful expression.

The first flight of stone steps has been so worn away by time that it is now disused, and a wooden stair takes its place. For the rest of the way we tread cautiously up the steep worn stone, with a hand on the not unnecessary chain, until the final eminence is gained by a yet steeper ladder, and we issue into a crowd on the sloping roof, that is bounded by eight pinnacles of fretted stone.

The sun has risen in the meantime, as a rosy gleam here and there on the ascent has told us, and it lightens a very fair prospect. No one looking on this city and its surroundings, thus wearing like a garment "the beauty of the morning," could dream of calling Oxford *ugly*, as some have who should know better. One can see far on all sides, but to-day not very clearly for the fine-weather haze; yet the distant landscape has a depth of colour, a blueness owing perhaps to the moisture of the atmosphere in these parts. The gleaming Isis (on which the eight-oared boats are now practising every afternoon for the races) and the Cherwell are spread like silver before us; immediately below are the still quadrangles and deer park of Magdalen; while towers and spires of church, college, or public building rise innumerable, gilded with morning light, and embosomed in fresh gardens and budding trees.

There is a pause in the conversation, a stillness, a raising of hats, for Magdalen chimes are striking five, and, as the sound dies away, the choir, which has preceded us and stands within a railed space, facing eastward, begins softly and sweetly the old Latin hymn to the Trinity, with its harmonics more than two hundred years old:—

Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur,
Qui corpus cibo relicis,
Cœlesti mentem gratia.

'Tis a custom very ancient and of unknown origin, for, although some say that this hymn took the place of a mass said in ante-Reformation days for the soul of King Henry VII., yet it has no connection with the service by which they, to this day, keep his memory green in the chapel, but is taken from the college grace. And perhaps, after all, this pious welcoming of the young month took its beginning in some Pagan rite, as is known for the case with certain other May Day institutions. By an old bequest (as I am told) each boy in the choir receives as his reward a threepenny piece, and the grown choristers every one fourpence.

When the five verses of the hymn are ended the sweet-toned chimes of Magdalen ring out in a peal that makes the old tower rock like a ship at sea—it is even said that the motion is perceived from below, and to us it appeared that we in very fact swung in mid-air. Magdalen bell-ringers are famous, and in the bell-room midway the ascent of the tower are tablets commemorating feats of bell-ringing in past years—telling of "grandsire triples," of "true grandsire caters"—three thousand and sixty changes rung in three hours fifty-six minutes on the ten bells—with date, and name of ringers, and other particulars, of very special interest, doubtless, to adepts in the science.

The ringers presently rest before beginning a fresh peal, and something flies sharply close above our heads, as though a great black bird had been suddenly startled from its eyrie, whirling down into the quadrangle below. Another follows, and more after it, amid great laughing. They are the trencher caps of Magdalen undergraduates (who must attend capped and gowned), and with whom it is a point of honour to go through this mystical rite or sacrifice: the unwilling are seized upon, and by good-humoured force made to part with their property.

And now slowly, very slowly, the crowd begins to disperse, disappearing one by one down the steep ladder and the winding stair, for the morning is of a delightful freshness, and one may do worse than spend a part of these superfluous hours in the keenness of the unsullied atmosphere. On such a May morning one feels for once at peace with Chaucer's version of the month; one feels (but the feeling is transient) that to slumber at such an hour is to waste opportunity—

For May wol have no slogardie a-night,
The season prikoth every gentle herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte. M. A. B.

Earl Temple has accepted the post of President of the Somersetshire Society for the present year. The annual ball in aid of the funds of the charity will take place on Monday, June 9, at the Westminster Townhall.

Sir Joseph Dodge Weston, the Gladstonian candidate, was, on May 9, elected member for East Bristol, in the place of the late Mr. Handel Cossham, polling 4775 votes, against 1900 recorded for Mr. James Inskip, Conservative, and 602 votes secured by Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, Labour candidate.

The first of a series of lectures on botanical subjects was given in the Museum of the Royal Botanic Society of London, on May 9, by Mr. E. M. Holmes. His subject was "British Seaweeds"; the lecture treating more particularly of the colours, structure, and modes of growth of the many species common upon our coasts. Living specimens of the more interesting varieties were exhibited. The lectures are to be continued on the Fridays in May and June, and will be free to all visitors to the gardens.



"THE SQUIRE." J. R. REID.—ROYAL ACADEMY.



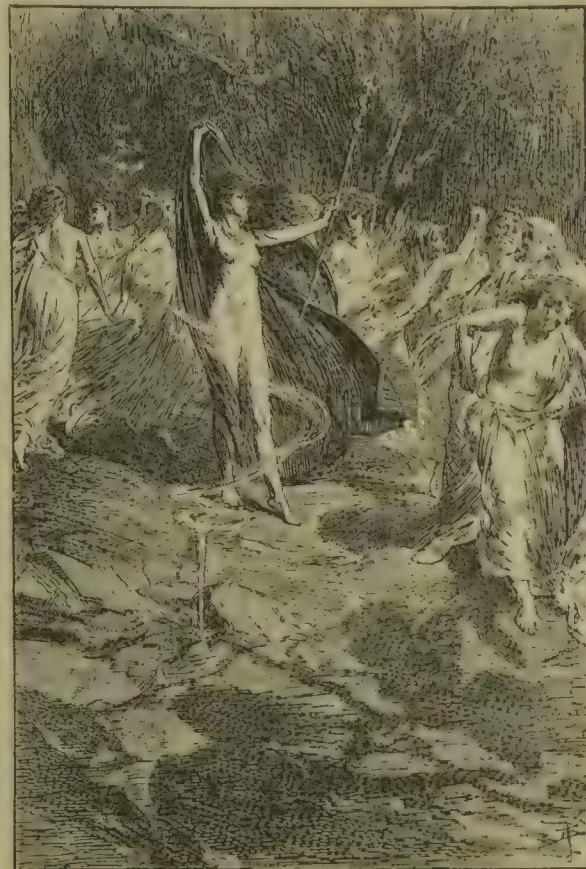
"OPHELIA: 'THERE'S RUE FOR YOU.'" HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND).
ROYAL ACADEMY.



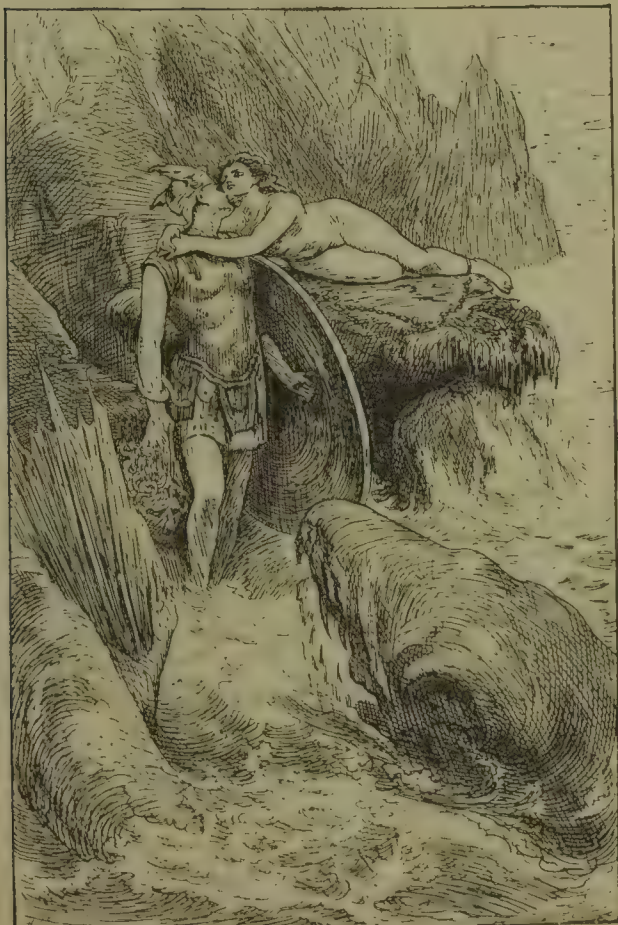
"ON THE TEMPLE STEPS." E. J. POYNTER, R.A.
ROYAL ACADEMY.



"A VIGIL AT A SHRINE OF HEALING, CONNEMARA."
W. H. BARTLETT.—NEW GALLERY.



"THE WITCHES' DANCE." G. P. JACOMB HOOD.
ROYAL ACADEMY.



"PERSEUS." C. N. KENNEDY.—NEW GALLERY.



"THE LONE RIVER." C. NAPIER HEMY.
GROSVENOR GALLERY.



"IN PEACEFUL DAYS." YEEND KING.—ROYAL ACADEMY.



"SPRING." J. R. WEGUELIN.
NEW GALLERY.



Falguière. M^{me}. Bartet. Paris. Rodin. Bonguereau. Pavis de Chavannes. Bailly. Bonnat. Alexandre Dumas. Jules Breton. Carolus Duran. Harpignies. M. and M^{me}. Claretie. M^{me}. J. Samary. Dagnan. Mercier.

SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS IN THE SALON OF THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE, CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY RISCENS.

THE PARTERRE AT THE PARIS SALON.

Nowhere is the brilliant life of "tout Paris" to be seen to such advantage as at the Palais des Beaux Arts on the occasion of the *vernissage*—for with our neighbours the private view of the Salon corresponds with our "varnishing day." The privileged few flock to the Palais at an early hour, and the ladies are escorted through the rooms by the artists of their acquaintance, and many a happy epigram is turned as the pictures of the year are passed in review. It is a pleasant but somewhat exhausting sort of excitement, and before noon there is a curious desire on the part of the great majority to inspect the sculpture of the year. There is no doubt the very available reason that the French sculpture is generally excellent, and that it is often as dramatic as some of the French painting. But there is another inducement which crowds the pleasant parterre adorned with flowers and ferns, among which the statues and groups are artistically arranged. Here is the place where visitors can breakfast, and the men can lounge about smoking their cigarettes and exchanging a few words on their own or their rivals' performances in painting and sculpture. It is here, too, especially in the hour of ease and rest which is interposed between the labour of the morning and its resumption in the afternoon, that one may catch a glimpse of what Paris holds most brilliant in Art, Letters, and the Drama. The artist of the accompanying picture has been happy in the moment of his arrival, and has brought together an assemblage which will make his work (which refers to 1887), when engraved, a worthy companion to Martini's "Exposition au Louvre in 1787," well known and much prized by collectors. Instead of statesmen, however, the place is occupied by *gens de lettres* and persons distinguished in everything except politics. It was in this year that one of the largest votes was ever taken by the artists, and when Bonnat, Jules Breton, Harpignies, Puvion de Chavannes, Henner, Bouguereau were among the forty chosen to act as the jury of painting. Of these and of others there are admirable portraits in this picture. At the extreme left, Madame Bartet, of the Comédie Française, is discussing with Falguière the merits of the new school—of which he had been one of the founders—a man of remarkable power, who for a time hesitated between painting and sculpture, and annually sent to the Salon a specimen of his powers in each art. Of late years he has devoted himself wholly to sculpture. His "Vainqueur au Combat de Coqs" and the "Christian Martyr," which are now in the Luxembourg Gallery, attest his power in reproducing action as well as repose in his marble. Madame Samary, the most brilliant of the younger actresses, has just come in, and near this lady stand William Bouguereau and Dagnan Bouveret, who eminently represent the rival merits of the Classicists and Impressionists in Art. Another group is that comprising Puvion de Chavannes, the distinguished decorator of the Panthéon, an idealist by conviction and temperament, and Bonnat, the realist, who studied under Madrazo, and spent his youth in the galleries of Madrid. In the background, Alexandre Dumas, poet, novelist, and dramatic author, is conversing with a group of ladies, who are as ready to sit and listen to his flashes of wit and satire as to accept the offers of Roll, who is known as the "survivor," in consequence of his picture of the Toulouse inundations of 1875 being the only work which attracted public attention. Gérôme, still vigorous and well-set-up in spite of his threescore and five years, stands somewhat apart from the little group where Jules Breton and his daughter, Madame Demont-Breton—herself an artist of no small attainments—are discussing the Salon with Carolus Duran, the prince of portrait painters, and Harpignies, now among the veterans of the art, who will be long remembered for having destroyed a picture which was refused by the Jury in 1863. Those who wish to know how beautiful an exponent of nature Harpignies can be—and how much sympathy must exist between him and Jules Breton—should recall, if they can, "The Valley of the Armanche," which now hangs in the Luxembourg. At the extreme right—although we have only mentioned a few whose faces are familiar—is to be seen M. Jules Claretie, whose career, since he began writing in *La France*, &c., about one-and-twenty years ago, has been one of unbroken success. By turns critic, polemist, playwright, and author, he has reached the double distinction of a *fauteuil* at the French Academy and the directorship of the Comédie Française. Many other well-known faces will be recognised by our readers, to whom this opportunity of seeing what the Parterre du Salon is like on its gala day will be appreciated.

In the little West Theatre of the Royal Albert Hall, Mr. Kirwan gave, on May 10, the last of his series of dramatic recitations. A large audience gave him a hearty applause.

At a meeting of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, held in the library, Memorial Hall Buildings, Farringdon-street (close to Ludgate-circus), on May 11, Mr. D. Emyl Evans read a paper on "The Development of Music in Wales from an Historical Point of View."

Sir Frederick Mappin, M.P., has handed over to his co-trustees of the Sheffield Technical School £1000 in Midland Railway Three-per-Cent. Debenture Stock, for the purpose of founding two scholarships, each of the value of £15 per annum, in perpetuity.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution recently, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was awarded to Henry Hutchinson, fisherman, of Bridlington Quay, for gallant services in rescuing, at great risk, eight persons from two boats during a gale of wind from the north on April 7. Rewards amounting to £377 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for saving, or attempting to save, life from shipwrecks on our coast; and payments amounting to £1608 were ordered to be made on the 295 life-boat establishments of the institution. The committee received a very satisfactory report of the experiments with oil carried out in fishing-boats for the purpose of smoothening troubled waters, by the Life-Boat Institution in conjunction with the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association.

For many years it has been the custom to take the children attending the Sunday-schools of the St. Giles's Christian Mission for a day's outing to the green fields, and the managers have for the last few years been enabled through the kindness of many friends to send some of the sickly and poorest of the little ones to the country for a fortnight. The children number now some sixteen hundred, and the managers are anxious to take all these for a day's outing, and to send some two hundred of those more especially needing it for the more extended holiday, and most urgently plead for help in meeting the expense of these trips. The bulk of the children attending these schools are of the poorest class (as indeed may be inferred from the district in which the schools are situated), and have very little, if any, opportunity of seeing the country save that afforded in connection with their schools. Donations towards meeting the expenses will be most thankfully acknowledged if sent to the Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard-street; or to Mr. George Hatton, Superintendent of the Mission, at 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, W.C.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A CORNER OF KENT.

Strolling from Herne Bay towards Reculvers the other day, I found myself on a coast which is geologically classic as regards the action of the sea on the land. There are few coasts which can tell a more typical story of sea-invasion than this east-coast nook of Kent. Doubtless the sea which encompasses us acts perpetually on all our coasts, but Peterhead granite will withstand the buffeting of the waves for ages, while chalk and marls will go the way of their kind, when attacked by the sea, with amazing rapidity. I often think that a holiday, either by the sea or inland, might be made, for the vast majority of us, infinitely interesting, were the local history of the places we visit made an object of even superficial study. How many of the hundreds of persons, for example, who visit Reculvers each summer know aught of its history, or realise how, as the old church stands, ruined and desolate, it testifies to the power of the sea on our coasts, and to the great geological lesson of waste of the land?—a lesson as old as Job, who speaks of the waters wearing the stones. The reason why we yawn and grow wearied over holidays is that we have not learned to invest our leisure time with any meed of interest at all. But with a little geology in one's head, and with a mere *souppçon* of zoology or botany, aided, say, by a microscope, you may spend hours of keenest delight during your holiday-time, and rescue other souls dying of *ennui* from the horrors of having "nothing to do," which, I take it, are much worse than those attaching to the condition of having "nothing to wear."

This Kentish coast well illustrates the interest which may be made to attach to a simple study in sea action. The Isle of Sheppey, to begin with, measures about six miles in length by four miles in breadth. Its substance consists of London clay, which is practically about the most feeble of materials, in so far as resistance to the sea is concerned. Now, Sir Charles Lyell records that, between 1810 and 1830, no fewer than fifty acres of the Isle of Sheppey were swallowed up by the sea. The cliffs on the north, he tells us, which are from 100 to 200 ft. high, decay rapidly under the influence of "the weather," under which term, of course, we must include the sea itself. In 1780 the church of Minster was said to have been situated in the middle of Sheppey: it is now near the coast, so that, as far as the whole isle is concerned, it would not be a difficult matter, as Lyell says, to calculate the period when its annihilation would be accomplished. It is true, man intervenes in such cases with his breakwaters and sea-walls, and this arrests the otherwise triumphant assault of the sea on the land; but the record of the ocean's victories and spoils is nevertheless a huge one, and the geological thought that all the matter stolen from the land will simply form the rocks of the future, possesses, I am afraid, but a poor meed of consolation for landowners to-day. East of Sheppey we come, of course, to Herne Bay itself. Here, sea action has evidently been long and successfully at work; for of bay there is little or none, and the former contour of the coast has thus been materially altered by the attack of the waves.

Walk across to Reculvers—a pleasant stroll of five miles or so—and you come upon historic evidence of this theft of land by the sea. A hamlet nestles around the old dismantled church, which, with its twin towers, "the Sisters," forms a familiar landmark of the coast. A bungalow establishment lies to the west; below, and in the valley, as it were, are a house or two and the inn; while above, and nearly on a level with the church, is the coastguard station—as neat and trim a collection of dwelling-places as the eye can light upon anywhere, even among these proverbially ship-shape sailors' quarters. The towers face you as you climb the ascent from the inn, and each is surmounted by a wind-gauge, which the Trinity House has erected, and which you can see distinctly from the windows of the train after you pass Herne Bay, on your way to Margate. The keeper of the towers unlocks the gate of the churchyard, and a conversation with him (he is Reculvers-bred) reveals the fact that, even in the short space of a human lifetime, the sea has played havoc with the cliff. This man tells you that he remembers a time when the outlines of the cliffs and bays were very different from their present aspect. The tablet in front of the church tells you that the Trinity Brethren acquired the building in 1810, and under their care it has remained. Looking down some twenty-five feet or so to the beach, you note the sea-wall, which has saved the church from sharing the fate of the cliffs around—Sir Charles Lyell aptly calls it a "causeway of stones." When he visited the church, in June 1851, he beheld human bones and part of a wooden coffin "projecting from the cliff near the top"; and the keeper of the church, referring probably to that epoch, reminded me that visitors were fond of carrying off gruesome relics of the spot in the shape of the remnants of mortality which the sea had exposed on the cliff burial-ground.

We can go back, in the history of Reculvers, to the time of the Romans. Then, it was named Regulvium. It was a military station of importance in those days, and that it was an inland place cannot be doubted. For, in the time of Henry VIII., it was a mile or so distant from the sea. From that epoch onwards there has been a chronicle of sure and swift wear and tear by the ocean waves. The cliff is sand, with clay sandstone in slabs, interspersed among the softer material. This material presents no obstacle to the attack of the sea: so that we are not surprised to discover that when 1781 dawned, and a drawing of Reculvers appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the mile of intervening ground seen in Henry the Eighth's time had dwindled away to a mere fraction of its former size. The view of 1781 is instructive. Taken from behind the towers, the church is represented still in its entirety. Looking towards Herne Bay we see an outjutting tongue of land on which stand several houses. Among them is an ancient chapel, now destroyed, while a cottage which stood between the chapel and the cliff was swept away in 1782.

Before 1780 the ancient Roman camp had come to grief, under the resistless march of the waves, and for a time, we are told, the walls of the camp held firmly together (they built stoutly in those days), and overhung the waves, which had undermined their foundations. These walls were nearer the sea by eighty yards than the church, and in 1780 they were recorded as having recently fallen into the sea. Then comes 1804, when part of the churchyard, with several houses, went by the board. The church itself then entered on its final stage of ruin. It was dismantled and abandoned, and its sister spires were left to form the familiar landmarks of the coast. A drawing taken in 1834 shows us the church very much in its present state. It overhangs the cliff, and to-day "its artificial causeway of stones" alone preserves it from sharing the fate of its once extensive surroundings. You leave Reculvers impressed anew and forcibly with the power of the ocean on the land, and you learn a lesson of geological value, in that you can realise what science means, when it affirms that, among the agencies which are ever sculpturing and carving the earth, few or none excel in power the waves of the sea.—ANDREW WILSON.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The opening of this Exhibition, on Wednesday, May 7, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was noticed in our last week's publication. Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, being President of the Council of the Exhibition, presented an address to the Prince of Wales stating its object, which is to provide funds for erecting Soldiers' Institutes at the military stations; and General Lord Chelmsford, Chairman of the General Committee, handed his Royal Highness a gold master-key to the Exhibition, presented by Sir George Hayter Chubb. The Prince then declared the Exhibition open. The ladies came forward to present to the Princess of Wales a number of purses collected by them in aid of the Soldiers' Institutes. Their Royal Highnesses went round to inspect the Exhibition, passing through the South Gallery, Battle and Music Gallery, and the West, North, and East Galleries. The doors were then thrown open to the public. Mr. Wilson Bennison, surveyor to the Exhibition; Mr. D. Charteris, builder; Mr. Davy Paxman, the engineer; and Mr. Wharton, electric light engineer, were presented to the Prince of Wales.

The Exhibition is on an extensive scale, the buildings and grounds covering 7½ acres, of which 3½ are in the garden of Gordon House, and the remainder in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. The buildings cover a space of 120,000 superficial feet. Our illustrations are those of a few interesting relics of British military history—the sword and belt of Sir John Moore, his watch, and the sash used in carrying his body to the grave at Corunna; the keys of that fortress; the lock of the arsenal of Sebastopol; the field-glass and sabretasche of Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), the latter pierced by a Russian bullet at the battle of the Alma; the sabretasche worn by Captain Nolan at Balaclava; an arm-sling, worked by the Queen in 1855, and authenticated by her Majesty's autograph signature; the Afghan weapon with which Sir William Macnaghten was slain at Cabul in 1840; and a leather coat worn by Sir Charles Napier at the battle of Meanee, in Scinde.

THE ROYAL MILITARY HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

As the banks of the Thames, at Greenwich, are adorned with the noble range of buildings formerly occupied by the pensioned veterans of the Royal Navy, so at Chelsea, still providing a similar comfortable retreat for some five hundred old soldiers of the British Army, stands the Royal Hospital founded about the same period of our national history, the outward and interior aspects of which institution, with the figures of some of the inmates, are depicted in our Artist's Sketches. The Royal Military Exhibition, just opened, being held in a corner of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, will draw many visitors to that neighbourhood; and those who come to inspect the relics of famous achievements in warfare, or the weapons and equipment of soldiers in past ages, and their improvements in modern times, will feel renewed interest, we doubt not, in an institution so closely associated with the military service during nearly two hundred years.

It was in 1681, as mentioned in Evelyn's Diary, that King Charles II. was advised by Sir Stephen Fox to purchase from the Royal Society the site of the old Divinity College founded at Chelsea by Dean Sutcliffe, and to bestow it for a "Royal Hospital for Aged and Disabled Soldiers." The buildings, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and erected at the cost of the nation, were completed in 1690. They are of great extent, in red brick with stone cornices and pediments; and the north front, seen from King's-road, Chelsea, with its handsome Doric portico in the centre surmounted by a lofty clock-turret, has an imposing appearance beyond the avenue of lime and chestnut trees. On the side towards the river is a spacious open quadrangle, laid out in gardens and walks; and the east and west courts, in which are the residences of officials and the Commissioners' Board-room, with the Infirmary, cover much additional ground. The Chapel, reached by steps on the east side of the vestibule, is 100 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and has a high arched ceiling; its floor is paved with black and white marble. The walls are adorned with many French and other standards or military colours, the captured trophies of victory in battle, while over the communion-table is an Italian picture of the Ascension. Pews for the officers of the Hospital are placed at the sides, and benches for the pensioners in the middle. On the opposite side of the vestibule is the large dining-hall, a stately apartment, with a gallery at the lower end, and with the upper end occupied by an immense picture, in Verrio's allegorical style, representing King Charles II. on horseback attended by Minerva, Hercules, Peace, and Father Thames: there are pictures also of the battle of Waterloo and other military actions. It was in this hall that the body of the Duke of Wellington lay in state, during six days, in November 1852, before the public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was an excessive throng of visitors, admitted without tickets, and a terrible crush took place, in which several persons lost their lives.

The eastern and western wings of the great quadrangle, which is decorated with a bronze statue of Charles II. in Roman Imperial armour, and with a granite obelisk to the memory of officers and soldiers killed in India, and other statues or monuments, contain sixteen wards or corridors, along which are the separate chambers of the pensioners, airy and convenient, resembling good private cabins in a ship. These old men are picturesque figures, in their antique costume of long scarlet coats lined with blue, and in their three-cornered cocked hats, or wearing their greatcoats in cold weather; they lounge in the gardens, or sit in the great hall, and have a library and newspapers, card-playing, chess, and other quiet entertainments. They are formed into six companies, with a captain of each, who is responsible for keeping good order; those who do not care to dine in the hall may take their meals in their own apartments, with a pint of porter and a daily allowance of tobacco. But the great majority of old soldiers entitled to pensions do not choose to become inmates of the Hospital, preferring to accept the rates of out-pension, which range from sixpence to as much as five shillings a day, are regulated by Royal warrants, and are secured to the soldiers by law as a reward for length of service, or as compensation for injuries received in the service. The more meritorious of the out-pensioners, if much disabled by wounds or other injuries, or by age, are eligible for the higher reward of admission to in-pension in this establishment, or at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, near Dublin; but on admission they surrender the out-pension previously enjoyed. The present number of out-pensioners is about 83,000; and of in-pensioners, about 540 at Chelsea and 150 at Kilmainham. The Parliamentary grant for Chelsea in-pensioners, including salaries of the Governor and the several officers, is usually about £25,000 a year, in addition to which there is a varying charge for maintenance and repair of buildings. The average annual cost to the public of the hospital up to 1863-9 was £33,159, which, after deductions for office expenses, cost of surgical appliances, and out-pensions surrendered on admission, proves that the annual cost of indoor



SKETCHES AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL: OLD PENSIONERS.



THE ROYAL MILITARY HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: NORTH FRONT.

pensioners has averaged £21,537, or £49 a year each (2s. 3d. a day). The Governor of the Chelsea Hospital is Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant; the Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary, Colonel E. A. Stuart. The Board of Commissioners includes the Secretary of State for War, one or two Lords of the Treasury, and the Commander-in-Chief, with the Adjutant-General and other members of the Headquarters Staff. Chelsea Hospital has sometimes been mentioned as a proof of the kindness and generosity of Charles II. and his disreputable female favourite, Nell Gwyn. Its establishment was, in fact, a job by which that impecunious King made a good round sum of money, appropriating to his own use the endowments of the old College, and selling part of the estate. The Hospital was completed in the reign of William and Mary. Chelsea is one of the most interesting London suburbs,

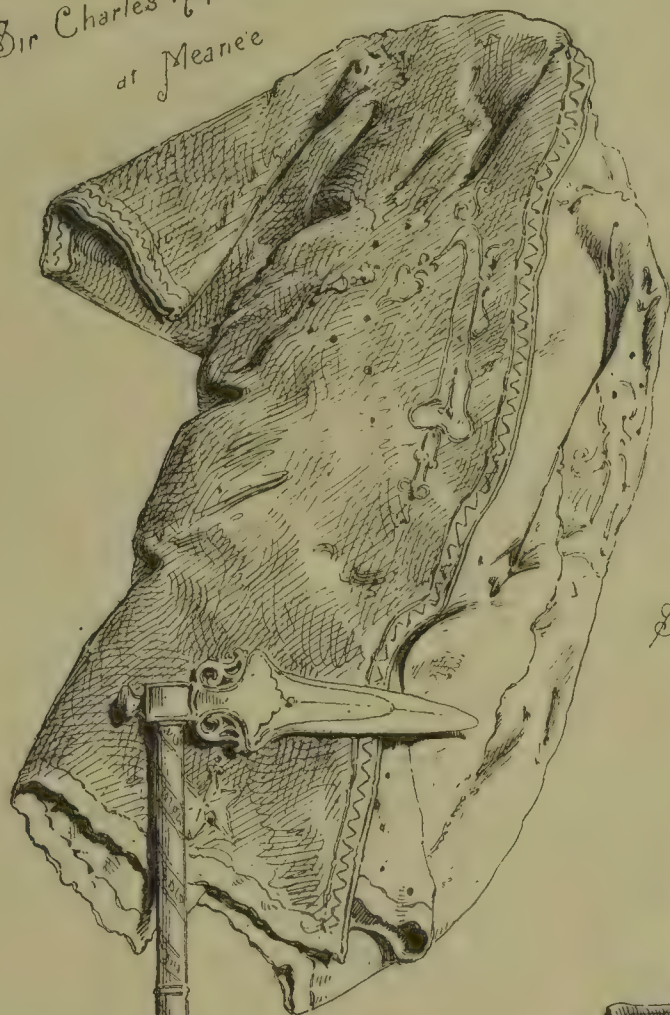
with various historical, biographical, literary, and artistic associations; but its military institutions are still prominent. The great barracks of the Foot Guards are near Chelsea Hospital; and in the Royal Military Asylum, founded by the Duke of York in 1801, commonly called the Duke of York's School, five hundred orphans of soldiers are maintained and educated. The Chelsea Botanic Gardens were presented to the Society of Apothecaries by Sir Hans Sloane, on condition that the new varieties of plants grown in the gardens should be presented annually to the Royal Society. Chelsea old church contains monuments of Sir Hans Sloane. Sir Thomas More (who once lived in Beaufort House, near Battersea Bridge, where he received visits from Erasmus), and his wife; Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Swift, and Bishop Atterbury lived in Church-street; Mrs. Somerville, at Chelsea Hospital, where her husband was

physician; Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, and George Eliot resided in Chelsea. Opposite Cheyne-row is the statue of Thomas Carlyle. Chelsea has been the home of many artists, and here the great landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner, passed his declining years. The famous place of fashionable entertainment called Ranelagh, in the middle of the last century, occupied a site which is now part of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. Its principal building, the Rotunda, 185 ft. in diameter, erected in 1740, was finely decorated in the interior, which afforded a grand promenade for gay people; while masquerades, banquets, and other festivities were held at Ranelagh. The river front of Chelsea has been greatly improved by the construction of the Embankment, with its gardens, and by the erection of noble red-brick mansions, in the Queen Anne style, on the Cadogan estate.

THE HALL
CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

W.D. AMOND. 87

Leather Coat
worn by
Sir Charles Napier
at Mearnee



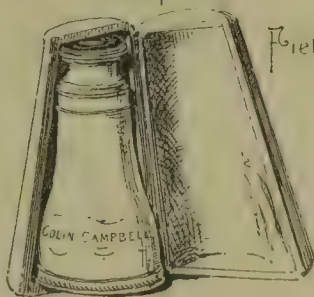
Sabertasche perforated by a Russian brass bullet
on the heights of Alma was worn by
Sir Colin Campbell



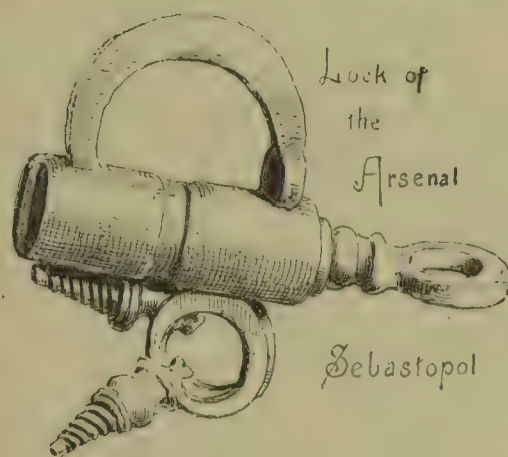
Sabertasche worn by Cap Nolan ADC
at Balaclava, afterwards used by
Dr Russell to contain his notes & mem



Sir Colin Campbells



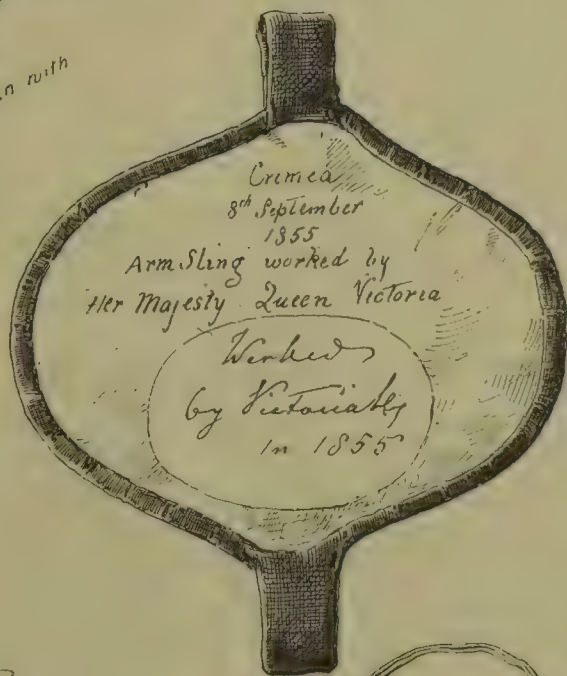
Field glass



Lock of
the
Arsenal

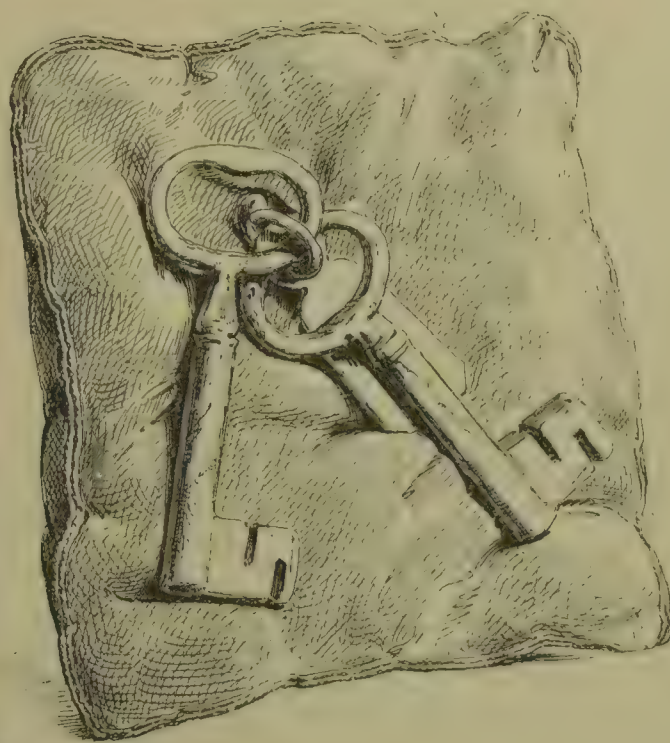
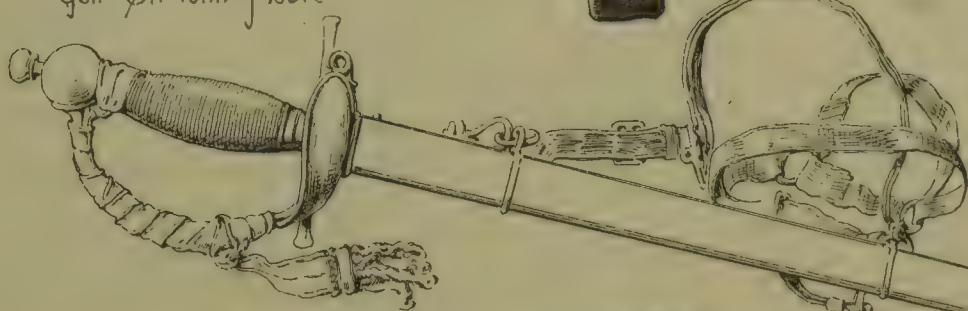
Sebastopol

Sir William
Macnaghten
was murdered
by Akbar Khan with
this weapon
at Caubul



Crimea
8th September
1855
Arm sling worked by
Her Majesty Queen Victoria
Worked
by Victoria
in 1855

Sword and belt of
Gen Sir John Moore



The keys of Corunna



Sir John Moores watch and
sash used in carrying him from the field and lowering him into his grave

WILSON

NOVELS.

The Burnt Million. By James Payn. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Payn's most recent work shows no signs of flagging powers or failing imagination. The interest throughout is well sustained, and, although the general lines of the dénouement may have been anticipated, its special secret is well preserved. Mr. James Payn occupies an almost unique position among contemporary novelists, and may be regarded as the creator and by far the best exponent of a school which would bring the incredible within the limits of probability. Just as Hoffmann, in his "Nachtstücke," mixed up the supernatural in the affairs of every-day life, and Edgar Poe raised common concerns and crimes almost to the level of the supernatural, so Mr. Payn places every-day characters in situations which only just lie within the borderland of possibility. The "off chance" has for him especial attractions. As we know, a subsequent discovery proved even the story of "Lost Sir Massingherd" to have been merely a lucky inspiration of the novelist; and, in like manner, it is not so long since that we learnt the facts of an heroic self-sacrifice which bore a strange resemblance to the turning-point in another of Mr. Payn's novels, "By Proxy." In the present case he, once more, has imagined a situation which, at all events, is quite within the limits of chance. *Scribo quia incredibile est* seems to be Mr. Payn's motto, and it must be admitted that he pursues his aim with dexterity, sustaining the reader's interest to the end.

The subject of "The Burnt Million" may be called a modern and nineteenth-century version of the story of "King Lear"; but in the novel the King is a King of Usurers, and his Kingdom is his fortune which he bequeaths to his daughters, subject to very unpleasant restrictions. It must be explained, further, that in the novel Regan and Goneril—or, as they are called, Philippa and Agnes—are not openly antagonistic to their younger sister—although Mr. Payn leaves little doubt in our minds that they would not have stuck at trifles had she stood in their way. Inasmuch, however, as the chief aim they both had in view was to induce her to marry, and as they were not very particular as to the antecedents of their future brother-in-law, Grace Trememhere—who is the heroine of the book—is allowed a fair start. It is, perhaps, needless to add that, before reaching the destined goal, Grace has to pass several *mauvais quarts d'heure*, and that on one occasion the issue seems doubtful. All ends happily at last; but we must confess that a less wholesale holocaust would have satisfied the most exacting public. There are only nine characters in the book, and of these five end their lives under circumstances which require the intervention of the coroner; and, although one of them is spared this ordeal, we venture to think that it is by the author's forbearance rather than in accordance with law and custom. There is not a single medical man of eminence who would, after a single consultation, give a certificate which would satisfy the coroner that he might dispense with an inquiry and his own fees. This, however, is a small matter; and we are thankful to Mr. Payn that his classical education and the recollection of the Horatian maxim will not allow him to make Medea kill her children before the public, and we are consequently spared some of the harrowing and often revolting scenes over which modern novelists gloat with apparent satisfaction. Mr. Payn is content to hold the sword of Damocles or the cap of Fortunatus over his characters; and the interest of the reader is kept alive by the suspense in which the author holds his readers to the end. He cares as little for the analysis of motives as for the subtleties of ethical dispute. He has an eye for scenery—much as most city-pent persons, who enjoy their few weeks' holiday thoroughly, and without need of dwelling upon the minute details of each lake or mountain, in the presence of which they feel their minds expand and their spirits mount; and we are quite sure that such people enjoy scenery as thoroughly, as those who talk or write so glibly about its more recondite beauties.

With regard to the moral of Mr. Payn's novel, we confess to some misgivings. It is, at all events, in conflict with the duty of promising the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Mr. Payn should recollect that there is only one Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Belgravian (and other) mothers are numerous as the sand on the seashore. No doubt Mr. Goschen would appreciate the nobility of the hero's motive, who, rather than allow his future wife to think evil of her father, destroys the document by which he might become a millionaire, and thereby reduces the National Debt by a sensible sum; but, on the other hand, Belgravian mothers would loudly denounce the Quixotic conduct of a young man of expectations who could so far forget his duties to "society," and cut himself off from ministering to its necessities.

By Order of the Czar: the Tragic Story of Anna Klossstock. By Joseph Hatton. Three vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)—The publishers of these volumes, which display the double eagle of the Imperial arms, in black emblazonry, on the bright yellow cover, notify that they have won the distinction of being excluded from sale in the Russian empire. It has often been observed that the Russian political censorship of foreign literature is extremely stupid. If a despotic Government, conscious of shocking and shameful abuses in its civil administration, wanted to diminish the prejudicial effect of any reports, true or false, purporting to be authentic, which charged some of its officials—in the prisons of Siberia, for instance—with enormous acts of cruelty, the circulation of avowedly fictitious narratives, somewhat of the same kind, should be favoured as a homeopathic remedy. By showing how easily the vivid fancy of an English novelist can invent the purely imaginary story of the flogging of Anna Klossstock, "the Queen of the Ghetto," in the non-existent village of Czarovna, including the horrible outrage perpetrated on this young Jewess by a provincial Governor called General Petronovitch, newspaper and magazine statements of alleged fact, gathered from the agents of a revolutionary conspiracy in Paris, would the less readily be accepted without certified proof.

It may be, however, that the Russian censors have not read Mr. Hatton's book, which is, when regarded as a work of fiction, borrowing its descriptions of Russia from many other writers, for more than a century past, upon a favourite theme of thrilling romance and of designing misrepresentation, not calculated seriously to injure the Government of that immense dominion. It is as though a Portuguese author, in the present unfriendly temper of the people in Lisbon and Oporto, were to compile a narrative entitled "By Order of Queen Victoria," with anecdotes selected from John Howard's accounts of the prisons in England a hundred years ago; from the Parliamentary investigation in 1837 of our hideous convict establishments in Norfolk Island and Van Diemen's Land; from the evidence before the Jamaica Commission of Enquiry, when the flogging of hundreds of women, in October 1865, was severely reprobated; and from any tales that might be communicated to an American journalist, by the Fenians at Chicago, of the cruelties practised on members of the Irish National League in the jails of Kilmannham and Tullamore. We do not think it would be worth while for the British Government, in that case, to prohibit the

sale of a translation of the Portuguese romance. Perhaps it was only the title, "By Order of the Czar," which was deemed objectionable at St. Petersburg, as being supposed to imply—the contents of the book being unread—that his Majesty had ordered Anna Klossstock to be so atrociously maltreated; whereas both Alexander III. and his father, the murdered Alexander II., have borne the reputation, personally, of being compassionate and humane, whatever may be the inveterate faults of Russian policy and administration.

Mr. Hatton is a lively, amiable, kindly London novelist, who does not seem at all in his native element, after much cramming from various apocryphal books about Russia, amid the dreadful scenes of barbarity, the orgies of rapine, carnage, and bestial passion, described in the first half of his first volume. Most newspaper readers may recollect that the Jewish inhabitants of some towns in Southern Russia, a few years ago, were savagely attacked by furious mobs, whose motive was a mixture of greed, race-hatred, and fanaticism, as on similar occasions in Roumania, Servia, and the Slavonic provinces of the Austrian Empire. It was not then alleged, we believe, that any Russian Governor, or any official authorities of the district, "by order of the Czar," aided and abetted those frightful disorders, taking the opportunity to indulge their own vilest propensities. Nor do we remember hearing that any of the respectable persecuted Jews who escaped slaughter, after being plundered and outraged, men and women, were scourged to death with the "knout"—an instrument long since disused—or were sent off to Siberia for complaining of the lack of protection. Some discredit may rightly have been attached to the Government for not having adopted timely measures to keep the peace, and to prevent the criminal outbreak of popular ferocity; but the rest of it is sheer fiction. And Mr. Hatton carries this so far, in the mysterious hiding-place of rich Moses Grunstein's rock-cut chamber, down a well behind his shop, and in the terrific knife-combat by which Andrea Ferrari defends the premises against a crowd of ruffians, that it almost equals the effect of Mr. Rider Haggard's labyrinthine cavern-fortresses and sanguinary feasts of slaughter.

We are vastly relieved when the author suddenly conveys us to the amusing world of domestic and social gaiety, surely more congenial to his own benevolent mind, where flourishing London journalists, promising young artists, thriving stock-brokers, and solicitors in good City business can afford to chat over the finest cigars and the best champagne, or to collect pictures, to visit the opera, to lounge in the park, and to enjoy afternoon teas, dinner-parties, balls, and trips up the river, with such charming ladies as Mrs. Walter Milbanke and her sister Dolly Norcott. All this part of Mr. Hatton's novel is highly pleasant and entertaining; and his elaborate descriptions of the ladies' dresses, and of their drawing-room furniture, have an interest secondary only to those of their lovely complexion, eyes, and hair. The two sisters, Jenny and Dolly, are such agreeable young women that any reader may feel glad to have made their acquaintance; and little or no real distress is occasioned by the breaking off of Dolly's engagement to Philip Forsyth, when that enthusiastic painter has found in the Countess Stravensky, the resuscitated Anna Klossstock, an overpowering source of inspiration.

Russian Countesses of mysterious origin, visiting all the capital cities of Europe on a secret political errand, are trump cards in the play of some novelists just now. This lady, the rich widow of an elderly nobleman, who knew the much-injured young Jewess, and wedded her, under an assumed name, after she had lived some years in Italy, is a Judith of the Nihilist persuasion, a Sister of the "Brotherhood of the Dawn." In that capacity, at appointed times, she passes from the brilliant circles of rank and fashion, putting on a shabby black gown and bonnet, to attend the conclave of a few grim conspirators in a guarded cellar beneath one of the foreign restaurants in Soho. Their conference is of assassination plots, by which Humanity is to be gloriously vindicated, as in the example of murdering the late Emperor Alexander II., the philanthropic liberator of the serfs and zealous reformer of the Russian judicial and communal systems, by throwing a dynamite bomb between his legs. This Countess Anna is personally intent on killing General Petronovitch, having nursed her private vengeance during ten years of insidious dissimulation. Assisted by the Italian Jew, Andrea Ferrari, who has become her confidential secretary, and who is as handy with tongue and pen as with his dagger, she arranges to slay her old enemy at Venice, during the splendid festival held there in honour of the King and Queen of Italy; and the accomplishment of this dire purpose is minutely related. The fate of such a monster of wickedness can excite none of our pity; but the moral portraiture of a woman capable of beguiling her victim, by sexual fascination, into her chamber of death, however great were the wrongs she had to avenge, does not command our admiration.

On her journey from London to Venice, this malignant heroine, who is likened to Juno, Venus, Diana, Clytemnestra, Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, and Madame Lapukin, but who has the face of one of Titian's voluptuous beauties, entirely captivates the heart of Philip Forsyth, having previously been his model for a picture of Siberian exile. It is not quite fair to Dolly Norcott, whom Philip has recently engaged to marry him, and whom he is going to join at Venice, with Mr. and Mrs. Milbanke; but her loss of Philip is quickly repaired by calling in Mr. Samuel Swynford, a prosperous City man with a boisterous good-nature likely to make her happy. We can unreservedly praise Mr. Hatton's striking descriptions of Venice and Verona, as well as the lighter part of his story belonging to London life. But of the scenes in Russia, the Ghetto of Czarovna, the outraged Jewish maiden, the vengeful Countess, the Nihilist conspirators, the long-delayed assassination, and other tragic or romantic incidents, it must be said that all this sensational apparatus is a clumsy literary fabrication of stale and poor materials, altogether unreal, and devoid of high imaginative interest. Another remark must be made. The Nihilists, an odious criminal sect, worse than the Clan-na-Gael, prompted by fanatic hatred of all government, law, religion, and civilisation, practising fiendish deeds under cover of base fraud and treachery, are unworthy subjects for a modern romance-writer. We are sure that neither patriotism nor the cause of just freedom will ever own such agents; nor is it well that fancy should depict them in sympathetic colouring, but this attempt is certainly a failure.

There was an immense demonstration of working-men, chiefly members of friendly and kindred societies, in Hyde Park on May 10, the object being to raise funds for the enlargement of the Morley House Convalescent Home at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. A procession was formed on the Thames Embankment, whence, headed by bands and carrying banners, the members passed by way of Great George-street and Bird-cage-walk to the Park.—On Sunday afternoon, May 11, a meeting of the General Railway Workers' Union was held in Hyde Park, and a resolution was passed that the maximum hours of railway workers should be fifty-four per week.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

The directors of this too little appreciated resort are making very laudable efforts to revive its popularity, and among the newer attractions provided are to be named the Picture Gallery and the panorama of the battle of Rezonville. With regard to the former, we hope that it is to be looked upon in the light of a modest beginning, which, in course of time and under discriminating care, will give the frequenters of the palace at Sydenham an opportunity of becoming acquainted with good works of art, and at the same time will become an annual exhibition to which the very substantial rewards offered by the managers will bring a constant succession of pictures worthy of the reputation of our best artists. On the present occasion it must be admitted that the "intelligent foreigner" makes a very strong bid for the prizes offered, showing that he practises his art for something else than art's sake; but, on the whole, we think our own countrymen show very well beside our neighbours. We cordially recognise Mr. A. B. Donaldson's claim to the gold medal for figure-subjects awarded to his "Medieval Miracle Play" (196), which attracted very favourable notice when first seen by the critics. In the same division our preference does not always follow that of the committee of selection, and we find in Mr. Hugh Carter's "Highland Home" (257), Mr. Blake Wigram's "The Old Song" (374), Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Anxious Moments" (418), and Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's "The Continental Express" (429) qualities which entitle them to equal recognition with their more lucky competitors. In the section for landscapes, animals, &c., the gold medal has been awarded to Mr. Charles Jones's "Lord of the Downs" (106), a strongly painted picture of a bull, but not of such superior power as to place its merits before those of Mr. E. H. Faber's "Sea Fog on Oulton Broad" (252), Miss E. M. Osborne's "On the River" (236), or Mr. H. H. Cubley's "Derbyshire Dale in Spring" (410), and, as pictures elsewhere exhibited previously are not excluded from the competition, the selection of the judges is a little hard to follow. Both in this class and in the class of foreign artists the gold medal is awarded to Herr Otto Erdmann for his very stagey and forced composition "The Interrupted Marriage" (79), to the exclusion of Herr Hans Pock's "Little Red Cap" (254) and Herr Krupp's "Dutch Charity Girl" (386).

It is very satisfactory to find that many of our leading popular artists have sent specimens of their work, in some cases fairly representative, as in that of Mr. J. B. Burgess's "Almsgiving" (99), an episode in the life of Alonzo Cano; or Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Interior of Ronen Cathedral" (251), or Mr. E. A. Storey's "Connoisseur" (109), one of his earlier and most humorous works. On the other hand, we cannot think Mr. J. Brett has been well advised in contributing such slight sketches as his "Loch Fyne" (345) or "Caswell Bay" (338), of which latter it may with truth be said that it would be as well without the sea.

The water colours include many good works, and the fact that many of them (as in the case of the oil paintings) have already been seen elsewhere does not detract from their value. For instance, Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Towing Out" (561), with the view of Gorleston Harbour, Mr. Edward Hargitt's "Loch Ling" (571), and Mr. Orrocks's "Lochar Moss" (591) are worthy of a place in any exhibition; and Mr. Arthur Severn's "Mussel Gatherers" (663), a study, apparently, in the Solway Firth, well merits the distinction accorded to it, and the judges must have had a difficult task to decide between it and Mr. T. W. Couldery's "Legitimate Drama" (580), a street performance of Punch and Judy. Among the other less-known works which deserve notice are Mr. T. M. Rook's "Market Day" (625), Mr. Jabez Bligh's "Dover Forty years Ago" (598), Mr. Hugh Carter's firmly painted head of a "Fishwife" (639), Mr. F. W. Topham's "His Reverence" (568), and Mr. A. W. Bayes's "Snow Drop" (667), a misfortune to the bearers of a sedan-chair and its fair occupant returning over a snow-covered road.

THE PANORAMA.

Praise without stint must be accorded to this wonderful reproduction of the realities of war. To visitors to Paris of recent years it has been known as sharing the popularity of the rival panorama of the bombardment of that city; but in point of artistic finish and completeness it is a far better work. The position occupied by the spectator—just outside the village of Rezonville—enables him to follow the events of the terrible day (Aug. 16, 1870) when for once the German and French armies met upon something like equal terms. Upwards of thirty thousand men killed and wounded showed with what courage the battle had been fought, and proved that, had the French been more ably commanded or the Germans less skillfully manoeuvred, the issue might have been very different. We are supposed to be somewhere in the rear of the last position occupied by the French troops at the close of the day. The guns are still being served on both sides, and the German shells are bursting in the air, or crashing through the roofs of the cottages in Rezonville. General Bourbaki, with the Imperial Guard, has just effected his junction with Marshal Canrobert, and the two commanders are hurrying forward to meet one another and to discuss the dispositions to be taken for the morrow. This portion of the panorama is painted by M. Edouard Détaillé, and, however brilliant his rendering of General Bourbaki's staff and escort coming through the village, the true pathos of the scene is centred round the village fountain and the village cross, of which the top has just caught the rays of the setting sun, and round the base of which the dead and wounded are mingled in sad groups. M. Détaillé conveys with marvellous power and accuracy the feverish activity displayed by men who find themselves in such straits, and, while never weighing too heavily upon the horrors of war, makes us feel its grim reality.

The other half of the work is by M. Alphonse De Neuville, whose premature death was a loss to French art, and especially to that branch which dealt with military episodes. He is especially happy when dealing with large masses of men and horses—as in the case of General Forton's division drawn up in long serried ranks on the brow of the hill—and, again, in the picturesque group of Cuirassiers and Dragoons guarding a group of German prisoners. But M. De Neuville's work has also its poetic side, and his painting of the row of tall poplars, of which the sun is lighting up the topmost branches, and the calm air of evening which pervades the feverish scene below, strike a chord which must vibrate in the heart of everyone who gazes on this remarkable work. The moment chosen by the artists was about half past seven in the evening, when, with the exception of a slight attack upon Rezonville by the Germans, the battle was over. The Imperial Guard, from the position they occupied in the picture, charged the Hessian Division, which attempted to establish itself in the village, and speedily drove them back to the main body; and when night closed, both sides occupied the positions they had held in the morning.

Those who saw the panorama when exhibited in Paris will be glad to renew their acquaintance with this vivid presentment of a battlefield; while those who have not yet seen it should not fail to obtain from such trustworthy and experienced eye-witnesses an adequate idea of the pomp and pageantry as well as of the miseries and horrors of war.

THE INTEREST OF LIFE.

There are men and women who complain of the dulness of their lives. They have so few objects to attract them, so few persons to care about, that, if they are not forced to work for their living, they yawn and idle, read sensational novels, and cry out for some distraction. People of this class have minds, I suppose, and hearts also, at any rate for their own sorrows, but they are but half alive, and care for nothing that does not affect their own fortunes. They are sensitive enough to bodily pain, they feel acutely the loss of money or of comfort, but for the great questions of the day, and for the greater questions that have filled the thoughts of wise men in all ages, they care little, or not at all. It would be unreasonable to expect a full intellectual life in men who work for a mere subsistence for twelve or fourteen hours a day, but in the middle and upper middle classes, as well as among the aristocracy, there is a vast number of people who have choice of action and leisure for thought, and yet do nothing that can be said to be worth doing. Too often this stupid indolence leads a man into bad company and the worst kind of dissipation; but more frequently, being only idle and foolish, he regards himself as innocent, and, while clinging to life, may be said to throw it away.

I suppose there are few of us to whom some blame does not attach in this way. It is no light task to gain from life all that it is capable of yielding, yet there are times when its intense interest flashes on the mind like a revelation. The sense of its capabilities is at such moments almost overwhelming, and we cry out, "How much there is to learn and to do, and how short our time is!" Let us take courage, however, from what men have done whose lives were far shorter than the three score years and ten of the Psalmist. A long list might readily be given of men famous for action, for thought and imagination, whose "thin spun" lives were prematurely snapped; but this is unnecessary, for I am not writing for readers ignorant of history, every chapter of which shows, to quote Ben Jonson, that "in short measures life may perfect be." Indeed, even more than a greater length of days we need ardour, perseverance, and a clear perception of the objects to be attained. The acquisition of knowledge is not the chief end of man, but it is a noble end, and the interest of the pursuit is inexhaustible. Think of all that is implied by a knowledge of such sciences as astronomy and chemistry; think of the joy of men who discover some fresh secret of nature, of travellers who open new fields to Christianity and to commerce, of students whose researches add an important chapter to history, of statesmen whose familiarity with political science enables them to grapple fearlessly with the problems of the day; and think, to come down from these intellectual heights, of the pleasure to be gained from mastering a language or cultivating a garden, or making some intricate piece of machinery! All work done well gives pleasure, and all knowledge, whether it be of small things or of great, brings a reward with it by adding to the zest of living. "Knowledge," said Jeremy Taylor, "is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven," which is not always true, for a man's mind may be so fixed on one point as to absorb his attention and to prevent him looking beyond it. Porson's learning and Turner's art and Gibbon's vast historical research, and Mezzofanti's knowledge of forty-eight languages, do not seem to have had any elevating influence on character. At the same time, the saying that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion" is one of the falsest of proverbs; for there is an irremediable hopelessness in stupidity.

The resources of men alive at all points are not easily exhausted. Books, pictures, travel, science, literature, politics, music, and architecture, all minister to their enjoyment. And is there little to interest us in the bewitching ways of children, in the inexhaustible and never monotonous beauty of scenery, in the mirth and loveliness of girls, in the endearments of home, in the stimulating influence of society, in the friends that share our joys and sorrows, and even—for the body has its claims—in the pleasure of a good dinner and a postprandial pipe? For some of us there is the additional interest in life that great wealth brings with it—the management of estates, the building of cottages, official posts, perhaps, in the Government of the country, and the power of doing good on a large scale. Or, if hereditary wealth be wanting, there may be the ability that commands attention at the Bar, on the stage, or in the House of Commons, the genius that fills our "chambers of imagery" with undying forms of beauty, the wielding of a pen or brush that gives delight to thousands.

And, happily, life is of absorbing interest quite apart from intellectual endowments and pursuits. We have all a task to do before we die, and often the simplest and most obscure people do it best. Men and women who are actively employed in lightening the sorrows of others do not complain that life is without interest. For them it is full of variety, and the sense of duty fulfilled brings delight with it. It may be admitted that hilarity of spirits is often a matter of temperament, and that there are moments—possibly when the wind is in the east—in which a feeling of stagnation and despondency gives a flatness to life. We feel incompetent and useless, and wonder at the healthy activity that is independent of moods and weather. We are tempted to be idle, and hate idleness; we try to work, but gain no pleasure from it; and a darkness that may be felt hangs over us. We thought, yesterday, that life was intensely interesting; and to-day we care for nothing, and weary of everything. Probably, the best remedy, when we are brought to this stress, is to exercise the body and to let the mind lie fallow. Go out of doors, heedless of weather or discomfort. Face your enemy boldly, for low spirits sink away when defied. Mount a spirited horse or sail in a strong breeze—if there be a spice of danger, so much the better; or take vigorous exercise on foot, and, if then you fail to recover your natural interest in life, suppose you try the effect of a little excitement, and survey mundane things from the car of a balloon! I don't recommend stronger measures; otherwise, unless married already, you might risk the ordeal of making an offer; or, if a Benedict, you could ask your wife's mother to live with you, and see if that would not revive your jaded powers.

I have even known people who find life supremely interesting when the difficulty of living stares them in the face. Mr. Micawber, you will remember, was never so lively and entertaining as when he was in momentary expectation of being arrested for debt.

J. D.

In the early morning of May 1 a cliff of rocks, some thousands of tons in weight, measuring 108 ft. long by 25 ft. high, and by 11 ft. thick on an average, fell from between High Rock and Pierie's Revenge, on the west side of Jamestown, St. Helena, crushing to death nine persons.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued a memorandum to all the Generals of military districts in England and Scotland directing them to take steps for the formation of an ambulance-bearer company in each of the Volunteer infantry brigades organised under the home-defence scheme. The company is to consist of three surgeons, seven non-commissioned officers, and fifty-four men.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A C H (Millom).—The price is 5s., and the publishers are Simpkin and Marshall.
T B R (Clontarf).—Thanks for communication, of which we have made use as far as our space permits. We have not forgotten your games, and shall be pleased to have more at your convenience.
F TUCKER (Bristol).—Your problem has not been overlooked, but we have so many two-movers that it takes time to overtake the supply.
J W BEATY (Toronto).—Thanks for your good opinion. The problem is neat, but the combination is so familiar that we can scarcely publish your form of it.
H W RICHMOND.—Altogether too simple for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM Nos. 2397 and 2398 received from J W Beaty (Toronto) and T M S. V. (Clontarf); of No. 2399 from J W Beaty and F B (Natal); of No. 2400 from J W Beaty and W Harvey; of No. 2401 from J D Tucker (Leeds), J T Pullen, Lanchester, and W H; of No. 2402 from Mrs Wilson, W H D Henvey, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and T Peguero.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2404 received from H C Deane (Surrey), W H D Henvey, R K Leather, Dawn, Julia Short (Exeter), Martin P. P. Daly (Clapham), Jupiter Junior, Thomas Chown, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E Casella (Paris), Columbus, W R B (Plymouth), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R T Maffs, E E H. J. Cond, R F N Banks, J Dixon, L E Lewis, A Gwinner, L Desanges (Naples), F Tucker (Bristol), E London, F S Bishop, N Harris, F F (Brussels), G E Peruzzi, D McCoy (Galway), A Goddard, J Ross (Whitely), Fr Fernando (Dublin), J D Tucker (Leeds), Mish-Nish, J T Pullen, John G Grant, W Wright, M Burke, R H Brooks, Norah, J O Ireland, F G Washington (Sidcup), Dr Waltz, Hereward, W R Hatfield, Rev Winfield Cooper, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), B D Knox, and H S B (Fairholme).

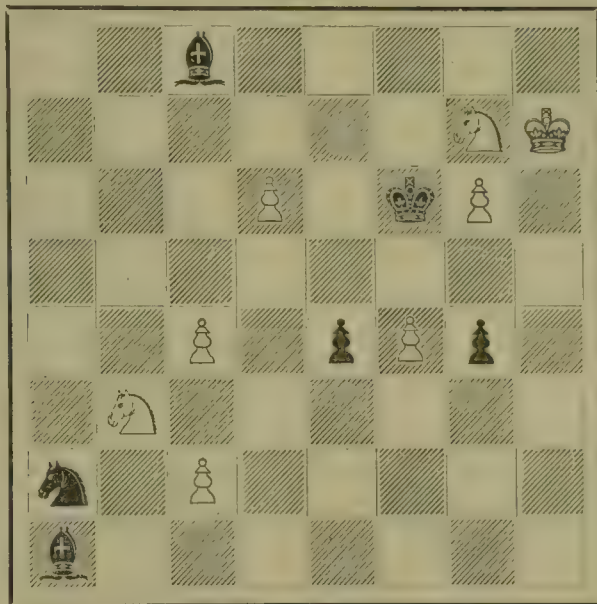
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2402. By MAX FEIGL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to R 8th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2406.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played by correspondence between Mr. J. W. SHAW, of Montreal, and Lieut.-Colonel NOYES, R.A., of Halifax, N.S.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Col. N.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Col. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt to B 3rd	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. R P takes B	R to B 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th	21. Kt to R 4th	K to R 2nd
4. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	22. Kt to Kt 6th	Q to Q 3rd
5. Castles	R to B 4th	23. R to R 4th	Q to B 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	24. R to B 2nd	B to B 2nd
		25. P to K Kt 4th	Q R to K sq
		26. Q to B sq	
		Q to Kt 2nd is stronger.	
7. Q to R 5th	B to Kt 3rd	27. R to R 5th	B to K 4th
8. B to Kt 5th	Castles	28. P to R 4th	R to K R sq
9. B to Q B 4th	Q to K sq	29. P to Kt 5th	B P takes P
10. P to K B 4th	K to R sq	30. P takes P	K to Kt 2nd
11. B takes Kt	Q takes B	31. Q to Kt 2nd	R to Q B 2nd
12. P to B 5th	P to K B 3rd	32. Q to Kt 4th	R to K R 2nd
		33. R to B 3rd	P to R 4th
		34. R (B 3rd) to R	P to Kt 4th
		3rd	
13. R to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	35. P takes P	
		White obtained the better position in the opening, and by careful play maintained it throughout the game.	
14. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	36. P takes P	P to B 4th
15. B takes P	P to B 3rd	37. R takes R	R takes R
16. R to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd	38. R to R 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
17. Q R to K B sq	B to K sq	39. K to B sq, and wins.	
18. Q to R 3rd	B to K B 2nd		

Preparations are made for a gigantic match by correspondence between Dublin and Belfast. One hundred competitors a side are expected to enter, and a number of prizes are offered for the speediest mates, the most brilliant debuts, &c. The promoters are Mr. T. B. Rowland (Dublin) and Mr. H. Seavoy (Belfast), who deserve every praise for their efforts in the matter.

The *Dublin Mail* is about to start another correspondence tourney, which will be limited to twenty entries. The entrance fee is one guinea, and the full amount will be divided into five prizes. Competitors are invited.

A valuable silver cup, presented by Mr. William Armstrong, B.L., for annual competition between the Chess Clubs of Dublin, has been won by the Clontarf Club. The Championship of Dublin goes with the trophy.

The *Sussex Chess Journal* of May 5 contains a very interesting article on County Chess by Mr. H. W. Butler, the indefatigable hon. secretary of the Sussex Association. The question he more particularly deals with is the number of players a side, and he sums up in favour of twelve constituting a proper county team. If inter-county matches spread, some standard regulations will be necessary, and the sooner opinion is formed on the subject the easier will matters be arranged when they come up for final settlement. Meanwhile, where shall we look for the M.C.C. of the Chess world?

In the City of London Chess Club, Mr. Mocatta's special prize of £4 has been won, after a fine struggle, by Mr. A. Curnock (third class); and Dr. Mackenzie's special prize has been won by Mr. H. L. Bowles (second class). The contest for first place in the City Clubs' Winter Tournament is now reduced to three competitors—namely, Mr. Ekenstein (first class), Mr. J. Jones (second class), and Mr. Scallier (first class), each having but one more game to play. The Spring Handicap Tournament is progressing. Three sections of ten each have been finished, and three new ones have commenced. In these latter Mr. Block, Mr. Vyse, and Mr. Woon are taking part.

The handicap at Simpson's has now reached a stage at which it is possible to forecast the winners without fixing their precise order. Messrs. Lee, Bird, Mason, Van Vliet, Muller, Tinsley are the leaders, and doubtless to some among these gentlemen the prizes will fall. Mr. Lee, so far, has the fine score of thirteen wins without either draws or defeats—a score which, for the present, puts him in the front position.

The Queen has forwarded £50 in aid of the funds of the Railway Benevolent Institution, this being her Majesty's sixth donation to the institute.

The Rev. Gethin Davies, Principal of the North Wales Baptist College, has received a gift of £1000 from Alderman Richard Cory to establish a mission at Nantmawr. Mr. Cory has also contributed £2500 for the support of Baptist mission work in North Wales, and £2500 to endow the college chair at Llangollen.

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company finished its short season at Drury-Lane Theatre on May 10, with "Mignon" in the afternoon and "Carmen" at night—an extra special (morning) performance of "Faust" having been announced for May 14. There is but little to add to our previous remarks on the efficiency and variety of the many performances given during the short season that began on April 5. The new opera "Thorgrim"—produced on April 22—has been several times repeated, and has gained by some compressions made since the first night. Fresh testimony may here be borne to the excellence of Mr. Augustus Harris's stage management, and to the general efficiency of the company—an extra word or two being due to Signor Runcio, for his readiness as an impersonator of leading tenor parts in heroic and romantic opera, occasionally in lieu of Mr. B. McGuckin, whose energies were sufficiently taxed in his performances of the arduous title-character in the new opera "Thorgrim." Recognition of Mr. Goossens's competent fulfilment of the duties of chief conductor is also due, as well as the efficiency of Mr. C. Jaquinot in his occasional occupation of that office.

London will be but a short time without operatic performances, the close of the Carl Rosa Company's season being quickly followed by the beginning of that of the Royal Italian Opera, which is to open—again under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris—on May 19.

A concert was recently given at St. James's Hall by the United Welsh Choir, assisted by the Ladies' Choir of the Guildhall School of Music, in association with a full orchestra. The specialty of the occasion was the performance—for the first time in London—of "Nebuchadnezzar," a cantata that was produced at the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1884. It is the composition of Dr. Joseph Parry, Principal of the Musical College of Wales at Swansea, who conducted the performance. The text of his cantata is adapted from Scripture, and his music seems occasionally to aim rather at lightness than at grandeur of style. Some portions, however, are impressive and effective, especially the prayer at the end of the first part, a duet in the second part, and the close of that portion. The concert also included a performance of the cantata entitled "Gwen," which had recently been given by the Guildhall School of Music. This slight but pleasing work is by Mr. Haydn Parry, a son, we believe, of the composer of "Nebuchadnezzar." The solo vocalists of the evening were Miss M. Davies, Miss E. Rees, and Messrs. M. Humphreys, H. Jones, D. Hughes, and L. Williams—all natives of the Principality.

Madame Adelina Patti's first appearance since her return from America was fixed for May 14, at the Royal Albert Hall, at Mr. Kuhle's evening concert. The programme comprised several vocal pieces which have been among the favourite performances of Madame Patti for many years, and require no fresh comment now. Other eminent artists—instrumental as well as vocal—were engaged for the concert.

The fourth of this year's Philharmonic concerts occurred on May 8. A novelty was the first performance in this country of an orchestral suite entitled "Scene Veneziane," composed by Signor Mancinelli, who will be remembered as having conducted the Royal Italian Opera performances last year, and also as the composer of the sacred cantata "Isaiah," produced at the Norwich Festival of 1887, and performed last year by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. The "suite" recently given by the Philharmonic Society belongs to the class known as "programme music," each portion having a distinctive heading indicating the action or sentiment intended to be illustrated. The work consists of five movements, labelled, respectively, "The Carnival," "Declaration of Love," "Flight of the Lovers to Chioggia," "Return in a Gondola," and "Wedding Ceremony and Dance." Each portion is replete with musical interest, sometimes expressively melodious, at others bright and vivacious, the orchestral scoring being elaborate in its details and varied in the contrasts. The work, conducted by the composer, was greatly applauded, the third movement having been encored. Another special success at the same concert was the first appearance in England of Mr. L. Borwick, a young pianist who has studied under Madame Schumann, with what good results was amply proved on the occasion now referred to, when he played Schumann's concerto in A minor, and, unaccompanied, solo pieces by Brahms, Rubinstein, and Liszt, with an excellence of tone, touch, and style worthy of his gifted instructress. Mr. Borwick will undoubtedly be heard much more of here. The concert offered no other novelty calling for notice, beyond the first engagement by the Philharmonic Society of Miss Macintyre, who sang with excellent effect the scena "O peaceful night!" from Mr. Cowen's "St. John's Eve," and Mozart's "Dove sono." Mr. Cowen conducted the greater portion of the concert.

Mr. Henschel's orchestral concerts for young people, at St. James's Hall, have proved deservedly successful. We have noticed the two first concerts, and have now to speak of the third and last, which included some instrumental pieces of established classical value, and others of the modern so-called "advanced school." Of the former kind were Beethoven's first symphony (in C) and Schubert's ballet-music from "Rosamunde"—specimens of the latter class having been drawn from Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, and Grieg. Vocal pieces were expressively rendered by Mrs. Henschel. The analytical and historical programmes furnished by Mr. Joseph Bennett have been valuable features of these concerts.

M. Paderewski, a young Polish pianist (who has been announced as the "lion of the Paris season"), gave the first of four recitals at St. James's Hall on May 9, when he played a series of pieces in the classical, romantic, and florid styles, in which he displayed technical execution of a rare order with a capacity for delicacy and expression that was occasionally lost in exaggerated force.

The Bach Choir gave the second concert of the season at St. James's Hall on May 10, when Brahms's "German Requiem" and Professor Stanford's cantata "The Revenge" were very effectively rendered, the Professor having conducted. The vocal soloists of the day were Miss Fillunger and Mr. F. Davies.

Recent concert announcements have included pianoforte recitals by Miss Elise Sontag—a relative, we believe, of the great prima donna, the late Henriette Sontag (Countess Rossi)—Herr Stavenhagen's only pianoforte recital this season, Mr. F. Rummel's second pianoforte recital, Misses B. Francis and H. Meason's morning concert, the evening concert of Miss Thorpe-Davies, that of Mr. E. Kiver—an estimable pianist—Mr. A. Henning's annual concert; a chamber concert by Mr. E. H. Thorne (pianist and composer); a piano recital by Madame Teresa Carreno, and the Marie Roze morning concert announced for May 17.

The English Jersey Society's Cattle Show was held at Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames, on May 15 and 16.

The Rev. Charles Gore, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Principal of Pusey House, Oxford, the editor of "Lux Mundi," has been elected Bampton Lecturer for next year.

AMONG THE BLÉSOIS.

The journey from Paris to Blois is very tedious by the slow trains. For miles and miles you pass through a flat and uninteresting country, which affords the traveller little or no pleasure, and to this drawback must be added the snail-like pace of the French ordinary trains, which jolt along as if the rails were laid with paving-stones. Therefore, I would strongly advise tourists to look out for express trains, and travel by none other, if they wish to move from place to place with expedition and comfort.

It was delightful weather at Easter in the South, and the environs of Blois looked amazingly pretty in a bright Spring garb of pink and white May, which grew in rich profusion on the picturesque slopes of this beautifully situated old town. In truth, it was a great change to be transported from the bleak and misty climate of England to this mild and sunny region, where one saw in every direction the "fruitful harbingers" of summer, and felt the first genial glow of the mild season in the sweet and exhilarating air. Blois was very bright and, in its sedate and sober way, very lively and busy. Large numbers of country people had come in from the surrounding country, to spend a holiday in the town, and a very quiet and subdued class of people they appeared to be. A little "fair" was being held in the square opposite the Prefecture, and this was evidently a source of great attraction to the sad-visaged men and women in dark blouses and dark dresses, who walked gravely to and fro amid the garrulous pedlars and hucksters that filled the place. It evidently required no small amount of persuasion to get the French peasant to make a purchase, and it was quite pitiful to see the expenditure of words and energy which was necessary on the part of the trader before business of the most trifling kind could be effected. The peasants are miserly in the extreme, and the Blésois, who affect to hold miserliness in contempt, have plenty of stories to tell travellers upon this subject. The most recent narrative of this kind relates how an old woman died of starvation a short time since, and her friends on examining her effects discovered five thousand francs concealed in an old sabot, while a like amount was discovered in a lump of butter. That this story is true I have not the least doubt, nor could anyone doubt it after a short acquaintance with the ways and habits of the French peasantry. Strolling from the fair, I found my way to the flower and vegetable market, where withered crones sat in rows with their baskets before them, and sold homœopathic quantities of their wares to the careful townspeople. Small bundles of asparagus were being disposed of at threepence per bundle—a price which will compare favourably with what Londoners are even now paying for this choice esculent. Other things, both flowers and vegetables, were proportionately cheap, and, to an English observer, the purchasable power of money in the Blois market seemed little short of miraculous. Here, as elsewhere in the town, the most perfect order and sobriety characterised the conduct of the people. No pushing, no horseplay, no coarse language was to be found here. And yet it was holiday-time, the period at which so many of our people find enjoyment in that boisterous, rough-and-tumble mirth which is the horror of quiet folk, who have a dislike to dirty water out of leaden squirts, and who are not enamoured of the concertina.

The historical Château of Blois is too well known to need description here. It is unquestionably a very noble building, though the additions and alterations of the past and the present

have, of course, rendered it an architectural conglomeration of diverse styles and designs. The North Wing is very imposing, and for beauty of design and workmanship the celebrated winding staircase, dating from the period of Francis I., is not to be surpassed. The guide who takes visitors over the Château is a man of no little dramatic power, and his description of the murder of the Duc de Guise, and of the conspiracies of Catherine de Medicis, whose secret cabinets are still carefully preserved, was an admirable performance. The churches in the town are well worth a visit, especially the Cathedral and St. Nicolas, both of which are structures of the Gothic period, the latter being, in my opinion, the more beautiful of the two. Vespers was going on when I visited the Cathedral, but only a few worshippers were present, and those were mostly women. The Bishop's Palace, which adjoins the cathedral, is a handsome building, with a fine garden attached to it, from which a splendid view of the surrounding country can be obtained. A prettily arranged pleasure-ground for the use of the people stands near the Cathedral, nor could a more charming situation for such a place be found.

Only a few shops are open in Blois on Sunday, and business is practically at a standstill on the Sabbath Day, as with us. Indeed, I could not help being reminded of our Sunday at home as I watched the worshippers walking sedately to church, while the bells chimed musically in the clear and sunny air. This idea, however, received a rude shock when an ancient Roman, on a lively white horse, suddenly made his appearance, followed by an open cab, in which sat two centurions in pink tights and bright helmets, who smiled urbanely at the good Blésois. The little procession presented a very incongruous appearance amid the crowd of churchgoers that trooped in grave and solemn mien up the Rue Haute. Need I add that the ancient Romans were an advertisement, the banners of the centurions calling public attention to the arrival of a "classical museum" at Blois.

From Blois the tourist can easily get to all the chief châteaux in the Department, such as Chambord, Chenonceaux, Chaumont, and Amboise. I visited the two latter, and was especially interested by the old pile at Amboise, where Leonardo da Vinci lies buried. The château is undergoing restoration at present, but it is to be hoped that nothing will be done to impair the original design of the building. The little chapel of St. Hubert in the park is certainly a gem of its kind, and is alone well worth a visit to Amboise, the carving over the front entrance being the finest bit of elaborate chiselling that I have ever seen. The town of Amboise is a very quaint place, with narrow streets full of little old houses, and interesting remnants of ancient gateways scattered here and there throughout the straggling thoroughfares. The diminutive shops looked very neat and well kept, and a certain artistic elegance is employed to beautify them. I was rather amused to observe this æsthetic tendency in a butcher's shop, which was tastefully draped with white and pink curtains, beyond which you saw a vista of sheep's heads and ruddy joints, the whole arrangement suggesting a curious mixture of the slaughter-house and the boudoir. It may interest tourists to know that an excellent breakfast can be got at Amboise, even on Sunday morning, for two francs, this modest sum procuring you a meal of seven or eight courses, including white and red wine *ad lib.* I am afraid that in an English village a traveller would find it difficult to obtain a dinner, much less a breakfast, for such a trifling sum as this even on a weekday. We are certainly very much behind the French in these matters.

Chaumont, which is beautifully situated on high ground overlooking the Loire, is well worth a visit. It is smaller than the châteaux of Blois and Amboise, but it is full of interesting relics of Catherine de Medicis and Diana of Poitiers. The building has been extensively restored by the present owner, the Prince de Broglie, who resides in it at certain periods of the year, but, when absent, the Prince permits visitors to look through the château and also the grounds, which are pretty and well kept.

A day can be very happily spent in visiting Amboise and Chaumont, after which you can easily return to Blois in time for dinner at six o'clock. And before I bring these slight records of a very pleasant trip to a close, a word of praise is due to the little hotel at Blois, where the cooking was perfection and the charges moderate.

M. L. B.

Mr. J. Passmore Edwards has given £20,000 for the Bethnal Green Free Library.

An "at home" of the "Salon de Réunion" took place on May 15, at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists; and at the conclusion of the concert a "floral ball" was held.

The 236th anniversary festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated on May 8 by a full choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral and a banquet at Merchant Taylors' Hall. The Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor were present at both functions, the last-named presiding at the banquet. A list of contributions, amounting to upwards of £6000, was announced.

To those who frequently use the electric telegraph, for business purposes or for the occasions of social and family life, but especially to those who send or receive such communications from foreign countries or the Colonies, we recommend the "Universal Telegraphic Phrase-book," called "Unicode," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Where every word in the telegram must be paid for, as in all foreign and colonial telegrams, and in those within the United Kingdom which exceed the sixpenny allowance of twelve words, including the names and addresses, there is a great saving of cost in the adoption of a code of symbolic words, each of which stands for an entire sentence, an order, statement, question, or answer, that may be found suitable to the occasion. In this handy and cheap manual of such a system the symbols are furnished by a list of some hundreds of Latin words, alphabetically arranged, but grouped also with reference to the subjects of the messages which they are arbitrarily chosen to represent. About fifty different messages, for example, concerning appointments to "meet" and "meeting," each denoted by a single Latin word, are given in a page and a half of the book, which contains ninety-two pages of these tables, besides a list of symbol-words set against blank spaces, with which a small private telegraph code may be constructed, to be used as a secret cipher. We also notice the appearance of a fourth edition of a valuable work of technical instruction, the "Guide to the Correction of Errors in Code and other Telegrams," published at 1 to 3, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street. It has been greatly enlarged, containing now 70,000 examples of the possible transformation of one word into another by a fault in the telegraphic signalling. Merchants and others accustomed to use codes of symbols will find this treatise a serviceable guide, either in avoiding words liable to error in transmission, or in detecting errors that have occurred.

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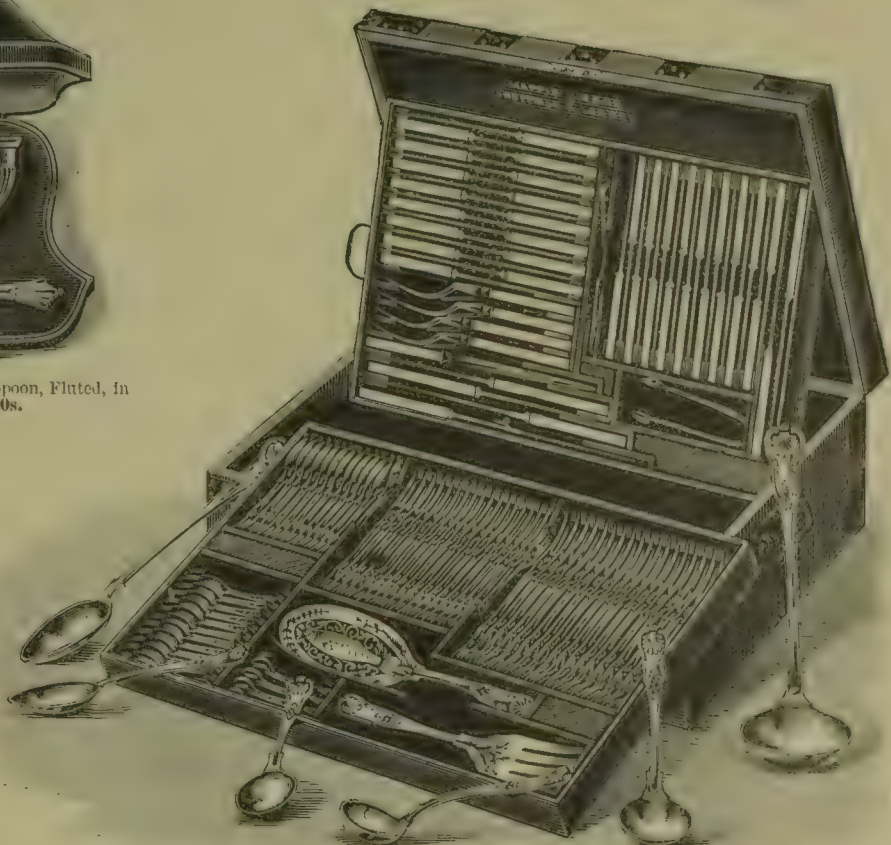
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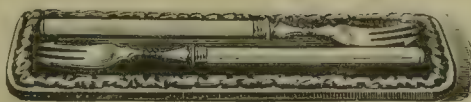
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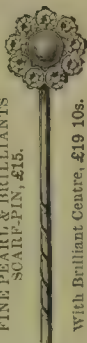
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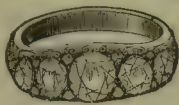
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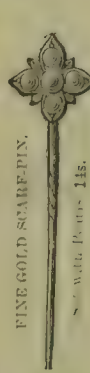
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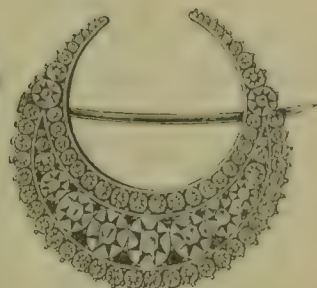
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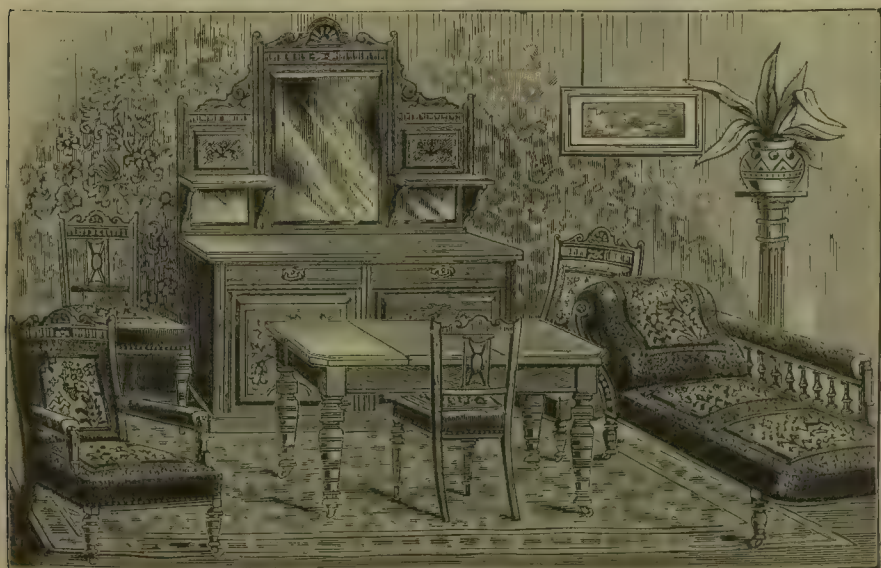
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For Ladies' Column, see page 634; Wills and Bequests, page 636.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

London is assuming its busiest season's aspect. Though most of the actual society functions will not take place till after Whitsuntide, the semi-public ones are already plentiful. The first fortnight of the (still merry) month of May has been overcrowded with exhibition openings, bazaars, picture gallery private views, prize distributions, public dinners for charity, religious meetings, and the rest of the events which draw together crowds of well-to-do people. Of course, the great event has been the unveiling at Windsor, by her Majesty, of the statue of the Prince Consort, an event so important that it demands an entire column to bring the scene, as clearly as description from my pen may do, before the eyes of those "daughters of the Empire," scattered all the wide world over, whose subscriptions to the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen have given them a personal interest in this imposing ceremony. It is therefore given separately in our opening pages.

A large contingent of the military society of the London district appeared at the opening of the Royal Military Exhibition by the Prince and Princess of Wales on May 6. Full dress was worn, and it was very instructive to see how the finest female clothing faded into insignificance beside the panoply of war. From the light grey and silver that bedecked the stately figure of the Colonel of the Artists' Volunteers, Colonel Edis, to the gorgeous scarlet and gold, and white-plumed cocked hat, and crimson sash, and stars and countless medals that were worn by the aged, but tall and upright, Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., there was not a uniform which did not become its wearer! So brilliant and animated was the scene—whether the moment of survey was when the platform was filled, or when the lengthy procession passed, with the committee (all officers in uniform) leading the way and a brilliant and large staff following the Royal party, or when the formal business was ended, and the company was scattered in the galleries—that it was impossible to help regretting that it is so seldom in accordance with etiquette for men to dress thus attractively!

Of course, the Prince of Wales, as a Field-Marshal, wore scarlet uniform and a three-cornered hat topped with a flowing white plume of cocks' feathers. Prince Edward's uniform, that of the 10th Hussars, was very handsome: dark blue, with much gold about it, while his cap had a tall white bushy feather not unlike a fox's tail. It was characteristic of the Princess of Wales's good taste that she had dressed very quietly to stand beside all that glare of military millinery. Her dress was foulard—a material the popularity of which is still to last this spring. The Princess's gown had a navy-blue ground, patterned closely with little pink bouquets; it was made with a plain skirt, and a bodice folded from the shoulders, leaving an open "V," which was filled in with bands of white guipure lace, and edged round with a black ostrich-feather boa. Her Royal Highness's bonnet was of black velvet, trimmed with pink-velvet ribbon bows and pink osprey, with black-velvet strings, the bows fastened up tightly beneath the chin with diamond pins. When the Princess ascended the platform, a bouquet of lovely pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley was presented to her by a tiny child (Héloïse Malet, who looked pretty in a pinafore dress of mousseline-de-soie and embroidery), so that the flowers matched the gown. In this dress the Princess looked very nice, led by the scarlet-clad Duke of Cambridge. Immediately behind came the Prince of Wales, with the Duchess of Edinburgh in a light-green cloth dress, embroidered in many-shaded green silks up the front; a short

tight-fitting jacket of red completely covered with black lace, and having full lace sleeves over tight-fitting black ones; and a bonnet all of white lace. Then came the Duke of Edinburgh, leading Princess Louise in a very pretty dress of fawn-coloured faille française, with back drapery and front panel and folds on the bodice and full sleeves, all of a handsome fawn and red striped brocade. The two young Princesses of Wales, in pink faille dresses, with loose drab cloth jackets and brown toques covered with pink roses, completed the group of ladies in the centre of the brilliant military procession.

On the previous day the Princess of Wales looked much smarter when she visited the British Silk Exhibition at Lord Egerton of Tatton's in St. James's-square. H.R.H.'s dress on that day was a violet cloth skirt with a deep band of violet velvet round the bottom, and a violet-velvet bodice with a very wide collar of striped velvet and silk. Her daughters wore Redfern gowns of light-blue cloth striped with dark blue, and made with cut-open coats over blue drill vests.

The British Silk Exhibition has been organised by a number of ladies of position, with a view to encouraging the revival of silk manufacture in our own country. They desired to show that home-manufactured silken fabrics may be as beautiful and as durable as French goods; and that English ladies need not, and therefore for patriotic reasons should not, give any preference to foreign manufactures. As the Countess of Lathom puts it in her brightly written and most interesting introduction to the catalogue: "For one of the most cruel features of the case is that fashion has set its inexorable seal, and has decreed that since French taste and French goods are the only things that will take in the market, nothing that is English can be looked at; and many are the stories from all these centres of industry, of how English goods have to be exported, and reimported with the French mark upon them, before they can find favour in the market." Lady Lathom mentions that in 1854 the value of French silk imported here was only two millions of money, while last year we paid the French manufacturers and their workmen no less than eleven millions of pounds sterling for their silks! Even in 1857 nearly fifty-seven thousand persons, chiefly females, worked in English silk-mills. The number now is little over a thousand.

Lady Lathom points out that the first silken goods in England came from France. "James VI. of Scotland borrowed a pair of silken hose from the Earl of Mar that he might appear suitably clad before the English Ambassador, 'for ye would not,' said his Majesty, 'that I should appear as a scrub before strangers'; and we read how Queen Elizabeth in 1560 received her first pair of black silk stockings, and managed to be coquettish over them with her Minister Cecil and her favourite Leicester. Even Henry VIII. occasionally wore silk hose, which came from Spain. The silk trade, however, did not make much progress in England till 1685 A.D., when manufacturers fled from France and Holland to avoid persecution." After that the industry, protected from French competition by heavy customs duties being levied on the foreign manufactures, which of course made them very dear, prospered well enough in England till 1860. In that year a Free Trade treaty was made with France, and the effect of admitting French silks into our market in open competition with our own was soon manifest in the decline of the British manufactures.

"Fair Traders," as the people who support an artificially kept-up monopoly call themselves, say that this decline in the silk industry, and similar facts, prove that Free Trade is a mistake. But if the French silk manufacturers had not been found to make better goods than the English—more artistic

designs, more tasteful colours, or more durable fabrics, at more moderate price—the competition of the French wares could not have driven the English manufacturers out of the market. Even now, exquisitely lovely as are many of the furniture silks shown in St. James's-square, it must be admitted that they are nowhere beside the display of French goods made at last year's Paris Exhibition. Of course, a decaying industry cannot compete with a flourishing one, but there the fact remains. Mr. William Morris, Mr. Wardle, Messrs. Hampton, Messrs. Collinson and Lock, and many others show very fine designs and fabrics; but the sumptuous beauty and perfect taste of the best French goods is not yet anything like attained in these English silks. So it is sensible of the Ladies' Committee of the Silk Association not to ask their members to pledge themselves to use home-made silks always, but merely to prefer such native goods when they can be found equally suitable. This is a fair and reasonable thing to ask. Some excellent samples of dyed silk, exhibited by the London and Provincial Dye Works, are to be seen.

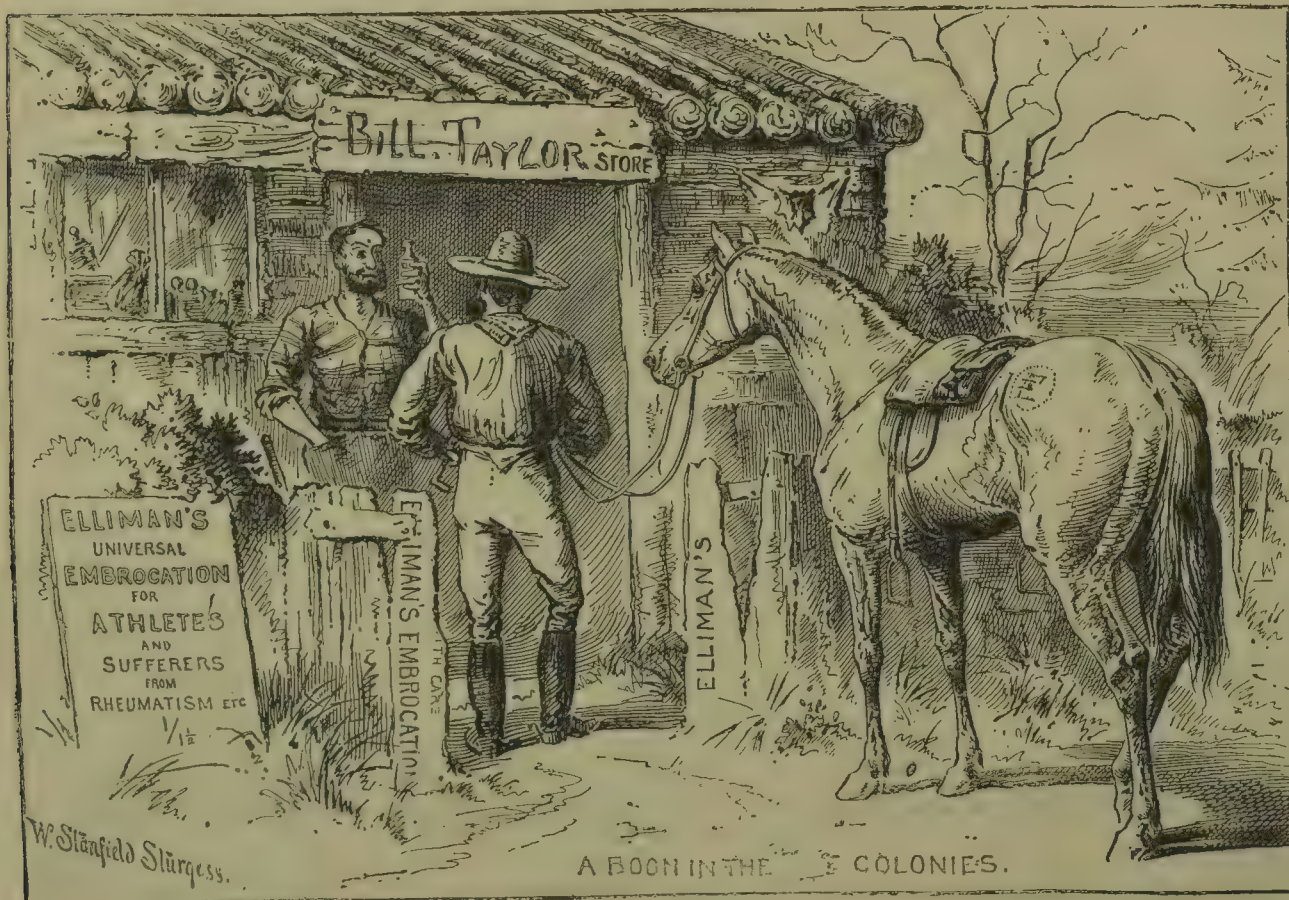
Princess Mary opened the exhibition, she being the President of the Ladies' Committee. H.R.H. and many other of the guests wore black, perhaps in compliment to the hostess, Lady Egerton of Tatton, who could not be present because of the recent death of her mother. Among those in black silk (query, was it British?) were Lady Lathom, Lady Stanley of Preston, Lady Spencer, Lady Lister, and Lady Arthur Hill. Lady Rosebery was in dark red faille—woollen dresses being appropriately discarded by nearly everybody present—Hon. Mrs. Percy Mitford in royal blue velvet, Lady Knutsford in heliotrope faille, with white lace vest, and full sleeves fastened at the wrist with gold buttons; and Mrs. Legh of Lyme (whose tiny daughter, Lettice, aged four, dressed in an Elizabethan satin gown, had the honour of presenting the bouquets to the Princesses) wore a very pretty réseda silk narrowly striped with red and softened down with black lace.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The great flower-show of the season at the Crystal Palace was opened on May 10, and attracted a large attendance of spectators, who were well rewarded by an inspection of the splendid array of azaleas, ferns, crotons, dracenas, caladiums, pelargoniums, gloxinias, roses, calceolarias, and orchids.

The new first-class armour-plated battle-ship Rodney has been completed for active service, and placed in the First Division of the Medway Steam Reserve. The Admiralty have sent an order to Sheerness for the Rodney to be commissioned for service in the Channel Squadron, in the place of the Monarch, which is to be paid out of commission.

Some remarkable prices were realised at Messrs. Christie's sale of the collection of pictures formed many years ago by Mr. Wells of Redleaf; the sums paid for the various Landseers being beyond all precedent or expectation. One of these, "The Honeymoon," was sold for 3850 gs.; another, "Not Caught Yet," brought 3000 gs.; and a terrier and dead wild ducks, 2600 gs. The highest figures of the day were realised for Turner's "Sheerness." It depicts the naval port as seen in the light of the early morning sun rising in a fog. A breeze is blowing; a man-of-war lies at anchor; and there are two or three boats about, one of them containing fishermen. For this work, which is 41½ in. by 59 in., Agnew gave 7100 gs. Sir David Wilkie's "Distract for Rent" fetched 2200 gs.; "A View in Westphalia," by Hobbema, was sold for 2700 gs.; and "The Artist's Wife," by Rembrandt, for 1610 gs. The total realised for the day was close upon £77,000.



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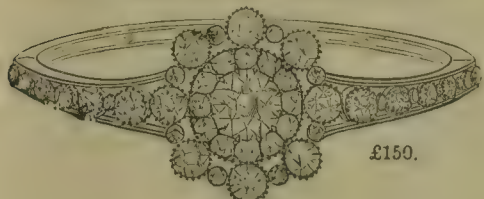
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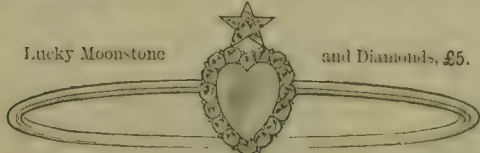
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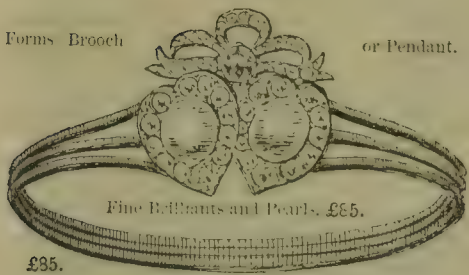


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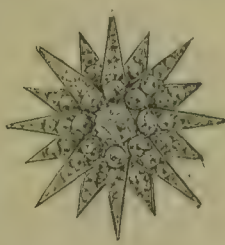
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1889) of Mr. Junius Spencer Morgan, of the firm of Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., 22, Old Broad-street, late of Prince's-gate and Roehampton, who died on April 8 at Monte Carlo, was proved on May 7 by John Pierpont Morgan, the son, Walter Hayes Burns, Robert Gordon, and Sir William Richard Drake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £2,022,000. The testator bequeaths to his four children various pictures by Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais, Bonington, Cox, Gérôme, and others, and the remainder of his pictures and water-colour drawings and all his plate are to be appropriated and divided by his executors between his children; 20,000 dollars to the Hartford Hospital, Connecticut, for the purposes of the hospital, but on condition that the trustees enter into an agreement to keep in order his burying-ground, and the monument to be erected thereon, in the Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, where he wishes the bodies of himself and his wife and child to be buried; and legacies to his partner Mr. Lawrence, his executors Sir W. R. Drake and Mr. Gordon, nephew, nieces, the widow and children of his nephew the Rev. J. M. Smith, clerks and messengers in the employ of his firm, and servants. He leaves £100,000 to each of his daughters Mrs. Sarah Spencer Morgan and Mrs. Mary Lyman Burns, and a further sum of £600,000, upon trust, for each of them for their respective lives, and then for their children or issue as they shall respectively appoint, with power also to appoint a portion of the income to their respective husbands in the event of the latter surviving them; and £400,000, upon trust, for the benefit of his daughter Mrs. Juliet Pierpont Morgan, for life, and then for her children in equal shares. There is a special legacy of £600,000 to his said son, John Pierpont Morgan, and he gives to him, in addition, the residue of his real and personal estate.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1884) of the Rev. George Frederick de Teissier, B.D., formerly of Hill House, Midhurst, and late of 24, West-street, Chichester, who died on April 8, was proved on April 29 by General Henry Price de Teissier, R.A., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his two brothers, Baron de Teissier and the said General H. P. de Teissier, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 2, 1879), with three codicils (dated April 10, 1882; Dec. 9, 1884; and Sept. 20, 1887), of Miss Lucy Astley, late of The Paragon, Clifton, who died on March 10 last, was proved on May 1 by the Rev. James Lee Warner and Edward Lee Warner, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Bristol Royal Infirmary and the Bristol General Hospital; £50 each to the Blind Asylum, Queen's-road, Clifton, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Tyndall's-park, Clifton; and numerous legacies to brother, sister, nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her nephews, James Lee Warner, Edward Lee Warner, Francis Astley Cubitt, and Spencer Henry Cubitt, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1889), with a codicil (dated Oct. 25 following), of Mr. John Davies, late of Shenfield, Essex, who died on March 13 last, was proved on April 13 by Frederic Wincott Jardine and Charles Joseph Atkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator gives £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London Missionary Society;

his houses in Gibson-lane and Mangoe-lane, Calcutta, upon trust, for the children of Mrs. Alice Davies; and legacies to nephews and others. The residue of his property he leaves to the children of his late brother, James Hill Davies—namely, William, George, Eliza Rebecca, and Rebecca Eliza, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 23, 1887), of the Rev. Charles Gape, formerly of 12, Belsize-crescent, and late of 11, Exeter-road, Brondesbury, who died on Feb. 24 last, was proved on April 26 by the Rev. Charles Gape, the son, and Mrs. Sarah Gape, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator gives £8850 Russian Bonds and £2000 Brazilian Bonds to his said son; £100 to Alfred Markby; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1887) of Mr. John Romilly, formerly of 29, Wilton-crescent, Belgrave-square, and late of 7, Cork-street, Piccadilly, who died on March 5 last, was proved on April 21 by Charles Edward Romilly, the brother, and Samuel Henry Romilly, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator devises all his real estate at Barry and Porthkerry, Glamorganshire, or elsewhere, to his brother Charles Edward, and gives the residue of his personal estate to his three brothers Charles Edward, Alfred, and George.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1874), with three codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1883; Nov. 18, 1886; and Jan. 14, 1889), of General Arnold Charles Errington, late of 22, York-crescent, Clifton, who died on March 31 last, was proved on May 1 by Willoughby John Guthrie Loudon and Francis Henry Launcelot Errington, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator gives £2000 and all his household furniture and effects, except one or two articles specifically bequeathed, to his daughter Sophia Helen, and the residue of his real and personal estate equally between all his children.

The will (dated July 22, 1887) of Mrs. Caroline Fryer, late of 15, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 22 last, was proved on April 24 by Richard Fryer Morson and Richard Cecil Corbett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix, after giving a few legacies, bequeaths the residue of her personal estate, including a sum of £14,000 she has power of appointment over under the will of her father, upon trust, for her husband, William Fleming Fryer, for life; then for her sister, Elizabeth Andrew, for life; then for her niece, Mary Ann Webb, for life; and then for her godson, Cecil Uvedale Corbett, absolutely.

In presence of a large and fashionable gathering the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, on May 10, opened the new baths and wash-houses which have been erected, at a cost of over £30,000, in the Buckingham Palace-road by the Commissioners of Public Baths for the parish of St. George, Hanover-square.

It has been announced that the value of the prizes to be shot for by the Artillery Volunteers at the Shoeburyness Prize Meeting in August is nearly £1000, including, besides the Queen's £100, prizes given by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Secretary for War, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Limerick, and the Corporation and Livery Companies of London. The competitions will be with sixty-four, forty, and sixteen-pounders, and the ten-inch gun.

"IF ONLY!"

There are certain words, and collocations of words, which, as everybody knows, carry with them a wealth of tender associations; are infinitely full of a pathos which goes straight to the hearer's heart; and concentrate in their narrow compass a whole world of thought and feeling. Unlike our ordinary speech, which we toss to and fro as carelessly as children play their shuttlecocks, they compel from us a serious and even solemn treatment. Instinctively the voice softens and the eye moistens as we utter them. They may be compared to those painful notes which break in upon the song of the nightingale, and, when heard, touch the listener's soul with a sense of something lost and mourned for. As, for example, "Never—For ever!" Who can hear or speak these words without emotion, without perceiving their suggestions of parting, sorrow, despondency, without the sensation of a man standing on the threshold of an unknown country, and conscious that the way before him lies hid in mists and shadows? Again, take the word "Forlorn." Consider all it means: how it tells of loneliness and suffering, and of the sadness that comes from isolation. "Forlorn!" exclaims Keats, addressing the nightingale, "the very word is like a bell, To toll me back from thee to my sole self"—a word that sighs like a dirge over the graves of the buried hours.

Then the word "Farewell." Does it not call up at once the cold damp brow and glazing eyes of the dying—the averted face of the friend we have wronged—the last look at the woman we have loved in vain—the long strong hand-clasp of the old comrade who leans over the ship's bulwark, as she strains from the quay, to bid us and ours godspeed? "Farewell!" 'Tis the saddest word in the language—"a word that must be and hath been"—"a sound which makes us linger," because we know it to be the last, the very last, sigh of love and friendship and life's brief felicities. A truly fatal word; for, "however we promise, hope, believe, it breathes despair"—or rather, let us say, to Christian hearts, fortitude, patience, endurance. But it never speaks of hope. No; it is the knell of hope; hope dies in the soul as the word drops from our faltering lips. And so, too, "Nevermore." With what a chill those three curt syllables strike our sinking spirits! All the roscate anticipations of youth, all the fond ambitions of manhood, have passed away—have faded and dropped like the roses of June—and shall we know them again? "Nevermore!" Like last year's snows, like the sweet violets of Spring, like the blush of first love, like the rapture of the first friendship, like the unconscious innocence of childhood, our confident expectations and brave resolves have melted into nothingness. In the smoke of the battle we have lost sight of those "topmost towers of Ilion" on which our early gaze was fixed—and shall we see them again? "Nevermore." Those green banks touched with azure lights by the forget-me-nots, those happy coves and bays in which we tarried with the sunshine, those hazy vales where we saw the fairies dancing their fantastic measures, and heard the fauns piping their bitter-sweet music—ah me! the current sweeps us so rapidly past them—and shall we see them again? "Nevermore." Oh, melancholy, hateful word! What regret, what penitence—ay, and what remorse, are sometimes hidden in it! How it reminds us of what might have been, but was not, and shall never be! Alas and alas, the opportunities, the moments of initiative, of action, of judgment—the seasons of seedtime and harvest—shall they come to us again? "Nevermore."

But it strikes me that few words, or collocations of words,

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Court Journal.



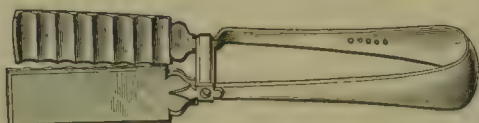
Silver Mounted Scent Bottle, price £2.



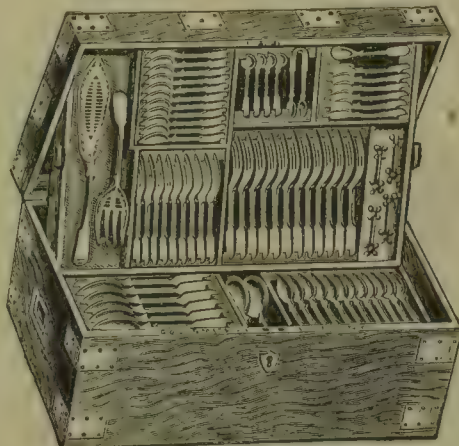
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Best Electro .. £2 10
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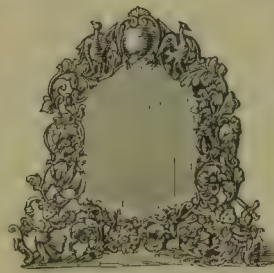
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convey a deeper significance than these—"If only!" We seldom give utterance to them, I fancy, without a pang of wounded feeling. Their intention, their sound, is reproachful; they express our censure of ourselves. We may take them as the very stamp and seal of abortive effort, neglected duty, or unheeded occasion; as representing the sharp cry of a dissatisfied soul, the penitential moan of an uneasy conscience. But two words—two little words—and yet they are at once a prayer and a confession, an aspiration and a regret. "If only!" "If only!" I had not promised, or, having promised, had fulfilled; "if only!" I had spoken when speech was needed, or been silent when speech could not be profitable; "if only!" I had done what I ought to have done, and left undone what I ought not to have done—then, indeed, I should not now be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, heaping dust on my grey hairs. Thus, when we come to write the epitaph of our past, it is in these words—"If only!" When we come to reckon up the faults and follies, the sins of omission and commission, of our lives, we put down as the sum of them—"If only!" I fear that very few of us, when we shut up that book which, like the wizard's, is buried with us in our grave, can write any other *finis* than—"If only!" As for the immortal minds which have been the guidance, the stay, and the inspiration of our humanity—the saints, martyrs, and heroes; the prophets, poets, and philosophers—the seers who have led us through the

wilderness, the evangelists who have revealed Apocalyptic visions from the solitude of their Patmos, the great poets who have placed the problems of life before us in their "Hamlets"—I am not sure but that even these, when looking back over the way they have trodden, will have murmured, as they noticed a false step here and a backward step there—"If only!"

How must it be, then, with us lesser mortals? Why, we must continue to make mortifying confession of our weaknesses. There is no health in us. From youth upwards we iterate and reiterate it. With careless hand we sow the seeds of future repentance, and, when tares and thistles spring up in places which ought to have bloomed with golden grain, we acknowledge our mistake, and sigh "If only!" Ah! yes, "if only" we had taken the wise counsel of our friends—"if only" we had been true to the better impulses of our nature—"if only" we had never played with the fire of temptation and singed our venturesome wings—"if only" we had stood steadfast in the ways of truth and purity and justice—"if only" we had striven towards the light with a firm and lofty purpose—"if only" we had treated life as a divine gift, instead of playing with it as a fool's bauble—"if only," but where shall I stop? The years, as we travel onwards and downwards, are planted thickly with regrets, like an Apian Way with tombs.

Hence we are unable to repress the stern reproach which

conscience exacts from us; and yet—and yet—it avails us so little!

Ah, those neglected opportunities—if we could but recall them! Or cancel those unwise decisions, or repair those irreparable errors! There they are, painted in vivid colours on the map of our past lives, like shoals and rocks on the mariner's chart of ocean. There they must remain; we cannot obliterate them with a smudge of black, as a Russian censor wipes out with his brush an offending paragraph in a foreign newspaper. And as to no one of us it is permitted to make a second voyage through that treacherous sea, we shall profit little, I take it, by the melancholy record. Were I a moralist (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I might here insert a sententious tag, on the desirability of turning this record to account "during the remainder of your career on earth." But as we never do—as we blunder on, repeating the very follies which have wrung from us the pitying tear, and seeking still to gather grapes from thistles—still carrying, like the heedless miner, our unprotected lights into the firedamp and the lurking gas—I refrain from the obvious platitude. We learn little from the experience of others, but less from our own. Though we should surely save ourselves some searchings of heart if, when the temptation and the trial assailed us, we remembered that any weakness or shortcoming will, in the future, extort from us the inevitable regret—"If only!"

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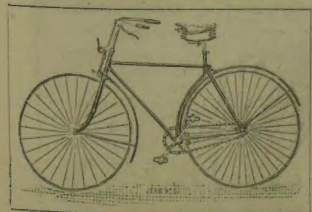
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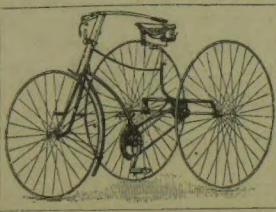
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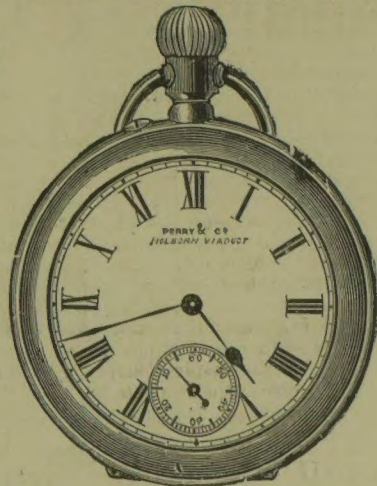
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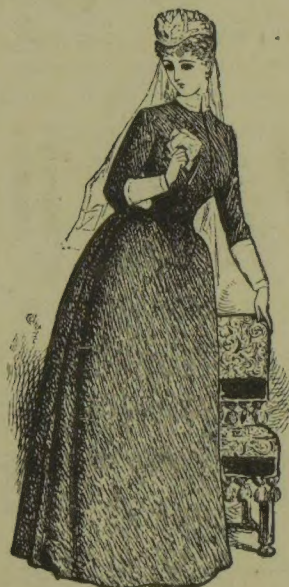
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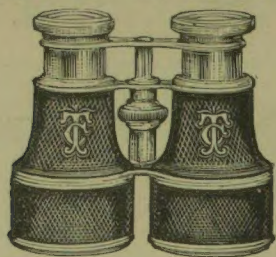
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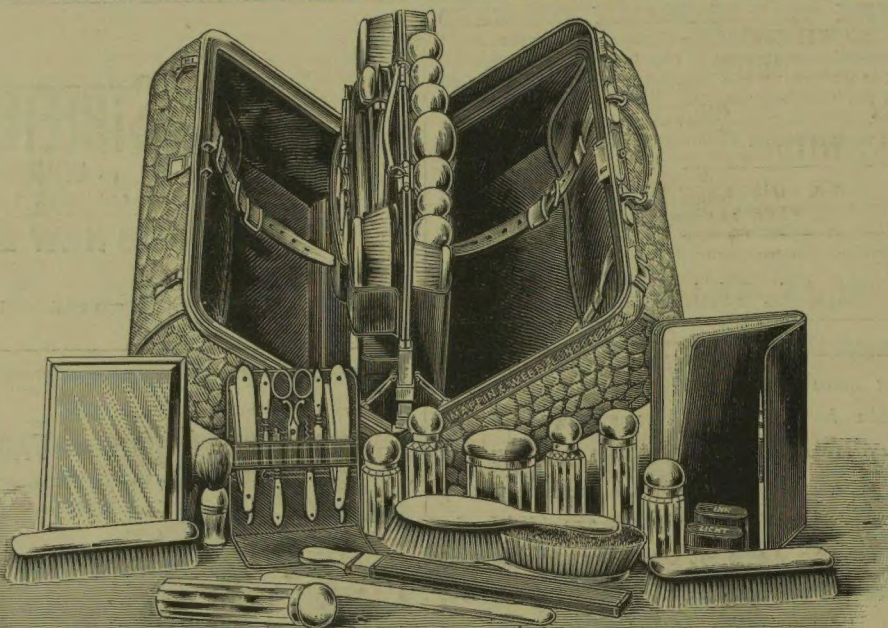
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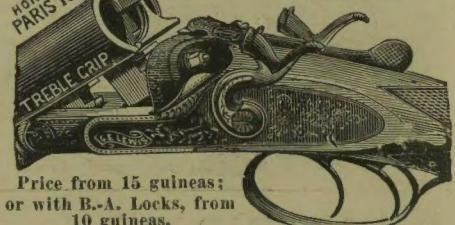
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